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JANUARY 22, 1935 10c

Our Congress and Theirs

By MICHAEL GOLD

A Call to American Writers

A Review by John Strachey

Five Songs About Lenin

Chapayev Is Here

By ROBERT FORSYTHE

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

Jacob Burck, Edward Laning, Phil Bard, William Sanderson, Hoff, Margaret Bourke-White

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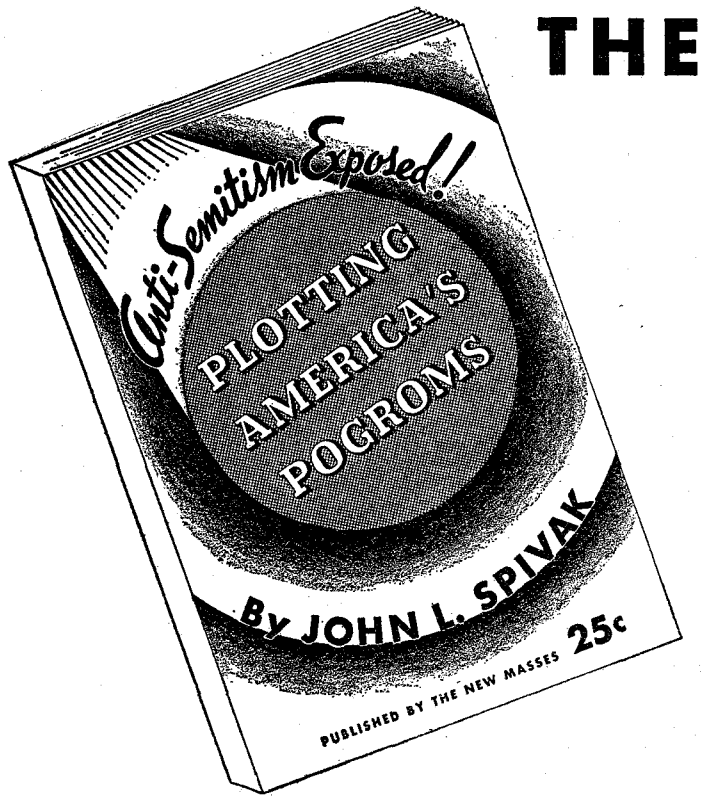

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new Masses

JANUARY 22, 1935

THE current Red scare is rapidly reaching the proportion of that existing just after the war when all our good burghers lay awake at night seeing visions of bewhiskered ogres in smocks with smoking bombs in their fists. Hearst, who has always shouted for one hundred percent Americanism all his life, seems to have gone completely Nazi and is carrying on a violent campaign to keep anyone in the country from changing its economic system so that everyone may work and eat. Liberty magazine has joined the ranks of the Red scarers, too, and in last week's issue features a bogey-man bedtime story by Matthew Woll intended to make its readers' blood run cold. The country, according to this great labor leader, is about to be turned right over to Russia by the Communist Party and in the next few weeks we can expect to see us all growing whiskers and wearing our shirts outside of our pants. Mr. Woll, whose story in Liberty, by the way, is announced as "having been told to Earl Reeves," (he evidently not being able to write himself) is so filled with errors of fact that one wonders if Mr. Woll even knows how to speak truth.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absurdity of the charges which have been directed against the Reds, the seriousness of the drive against them should not be underestimated. Behind it there is evidently an organization which has marshaled all the fascist forces of journalism in this country to discredit or repress any attempt to change our economic system in favor of the poor man and the worker. Men like Hearst, like Roy Howard, like Macfadden, whose journals and newspapers are carrying on the vicious, anti-Red campaign are men of power and wealth, but there is every likelihood that they are being abetted by even greater power and wealth than they themselves control. Wall Street, the House of Morgan, the vested interests of Pittsburgh, Detroit and other great industrial centers, are beginning to realize that with millions of people faced with starvation and unemployment in this country, with strikes for living wages sweeping through the country, with desolation and unrest everywhere, they must turn their fury upon the party which seeks to overthrow a system that feeds the rich at the expense of the poor. There is no doubt that these leading journalists, backed by all the power of capitalism, have secretly organized to carry on their villification of the labor movement and that among their cohorts they have enlisted the willing services of such misleaders of labor as William Green and Matthew Woll. Capitalism is united in its drive against labor, and if labor in all its branches, if the trade unions, the Socialists, the professional classes do not form a united front they will bring upon themselves a catastrophe no less devastating to them than the Third Reich.

"THE COMMUNISTS . . . BY GOD! I'LL SHOOT THEM FIRST!"—*Father Coughlin*

SENATOR GERALD P. NYE, chairman of the Senate munitions investigating committee, is a man who gets around and hears things. When he says the United States is nearer war today than it was thirty days before the World War we may be sure the Senator has not been crystal gazing or consulting soothsayers. The New York Times of January 14 reported the Senator's statement that "forces are at work striving to bring about a war between Japan and the United States." The statesman denounced our American munitions makers who have been trading "shot, shell and shrapnel" to Japan for the sake, rather of their pocketbooks than their country. "If we ever do go to war with Japan make up your minds our boys will be targets of shot, shell and shrapnel produced by United States munitions makers." Most of us know by this time that the country's appropriation for army and navy

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has increased from $340,000,000 just before the World War to $700,000,000 in 1934. It will reach a billion dollars in the next fiscal year, the Senator said. The United States, proclaiming its spirit of Christian forbearance and peaceful intent, has forgotten to announce that it has increased arms production by 197 percent while the other countries of the world show an increase of from 30 to 44 percent. Those are Mr. Nye's figures and he certainly should know. "We would be plunged into a war immediately if it wasn't for the fact that we have people who are more intelligent about the matter today." Who these intelligent people are we can chance a pretty shrewd guess. Modesty should not be a Communist characteristic.

WE don't know whether Mr. Nye means the same people we do. But George Seldes, writing in the January 12 issue of Today, our President's unofficial mouthpiece, is pretty specific: "The Communist policy is 'to turn imperialist war into civil war', to seize governments in the midst of foreign adventures, as was done in Russia in 1917." That brought Mr. Seldes to the conclusion that war cannot be declared nowadays "without also digging trenches in the rear." William R. Hearst, the war maker, is a pretty shrewd journalist despite his hair-trigger Red baiting campaigns. In whooping it up against Communists just now Mr. Hearst is doing what the warmakers feel is the prerequisite for war. He is fortifying the home front. For M-day, the day when the War Department will order some 20,000 industries to go on a mobilization basis, cannot happen if the Communists and all honest opponents to war go on building a powerful anti-war united front. We can only remind Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Roosevelt (oh, yes, and Messrs. Irenée du Pont and J. P. Morgan) that those they get to shovel the dirt when the "trenches are built in the rear" are the khaki-clad sons of the proletariat—that class which Marx called the "grave diggers" of the bourgeoisie.

THE grocery clerks in Cleveland who took up the picket banners some weeks ago threw a scare into the shrewdest of our economic observers down on the Street. It was the extension of the strike spirit to new categories of labor that worried Big Business. Our best citizens have come to expect aggressive tactics from such hard-fisted labor elements as miners, steel workers or textile operatives. But whoever heard of the aproned store clerks marching on picket lines? Since that time the girls behind counters such as in the Boston Store in Milwaukee, Ohrbach's and Klein's in New York City have braved the winter weather to picket for better labor conditions in their stores. Today we see a general tie-up in the National Biscuit Company; their plants in Philadelphia, Atlanta, Newark, York, Pa., are all out. Two thousand have picketed at one time in front of the New York plant. In Akron, Ohio, the match workers have gone on record for strike action. Some 1,800 employes of the Diamond Match Co., the Ohio and Palmer Match Companies have wired William Green demanding authorization to strike. Steadily the American working class is learning the ABC of proletarian tactic: its program for improved economic status must be based on class-struggle, not on class-collaboration. As Phil Raymond, national secretary of the Auto Workers' Union recently said, the A. F. of L. premise, partnership between labor and capital, is "the partnership of a holdup man and his victim."

THE Paterson silk and dye workers have learned this lesson. The recent victories of the rank and file candidates in the two unions there are significant. Despite the old, old cry, of the Socialist Forward, that the Communists "have orders from Moscow to smash the union" the rank and file candidates came through by a three to one majority. That was in the silk union. When Charles Vigoritto, rank and file candidate for president in the dyers' union was elected two weeks ago, the Socialist New Leader libelled him as a "fascist." Whenever the workers break away from the futilities of class-collaboration (the Socialist thesis) they get the tag "Communist." Communists, always working with the rank and file, deriving from that strata, have never lost an opportunity to explain "class collaboration" to the proletarians. As the strike wave gathers strength for another tidal surge such as we saw a few months ago in the textile industry and on the West Coast, the Administration veers hard to the right. Roosevelt's advisors on labor relations are urging him to favor legislation rendering strikes illegal if they are called without consent of the government. This provision would be slipped across as a joker in a measure purporting to aid the formation of unions. Compulsory arbitration is a further aspect of these proposals. They are characteristics of Mussolini's "labor" system. While Gov. Talmadge, of Georgia, pens up forty textile strikers in a concentration camp, Roosevelt aims to legalize such measures. The Georgia governor said he is "watching to see if loafers and bluffers could intimidate Congress."

THE delegates described in the report of the National Congress for Unemployment Insurance by Michael Gold, elsewhere in this issue, underline one of the most significant factors in American life today: the encouraging response to the demand for united action to better the needs of the masses. Certainly nothing is more pressing than the question of alleviating the hunger and improving the marginal existence of millions of Americans. Communists have played a leading part in this struggle. William Green's denunciation of H. R. 2827 (formerly H. R. 7598) was based mostly on the fact that Communists wrote and proposed the bill. Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, was glad to admit the truth of that "charge" at the Washington convention. The bill was drawn up by the Communists after consultation with many workers as the only bill whose provisions meet the life needs of the masses. Communists were responsible for publicizing the bill and got between four and five million Americans to endorse it. Green's charge, therefore, is not an argument against the bill, it is instead a recommendation for the Communists. "For which," Browder said, "we thank Mr. Green most kindly, even though his intentions were not friendly."

THE program of the Communists goes far beyond unemployment insurance. That, after all, is only an emergency measure. "We propose," the Communist leader said, "a revolutionary solution of the crisis of capitalism by abolishing the whole rotten capitalist system" as the Russian proletarians did in 1917. Communists do not sit idly around waiting for the masses to find their address. They fight with the masses for their daily needs. They lead the masses in the struggle for bread, for jobs, for human conditions. Therefore, it should surprise nobody that the

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Communists formulated the Workers' Bill. Since, however, the masses stop short of the full Communist program, the Communists propose a "great effort for unity" to win immediate demands from the capitalists. They propose the unity of the poor against the rich. Most significant was Browder's statement, which today is the theme for widespread discussion in the Communist Party and sympathetic organizations. "We Communists," he said, "are prepared to join hands . . . with all who are ready to fight against Wall Street . . . in the formation of a broad mass party to carry on this fight, a fighting Labor Party based upon the trade unions, the unemployment councils, the farmer organizations, all the mass organizations of toilers." Such a party would have as its perspectives the improvement of conditions at the expense of the rich by means of such measures as the Farmers' Emergency Relief Bill, the Negro Rights Bill, the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill. It would not hesitate at the use of mass action to win those demands.

LAST week the Sage of Forty-fifth Street who writes bright, burning paragraphs for The New Yorker handed us razzberries because one of our reviewers had implied that Edna St. Vincent Millay showed signs in her latest volume of being susceptible to revolutionary ideas. The suggestion evidently afforded him an opportunity to unload some general strictures on the human race which he has after due consideration (we hope that it was not just a snap judgment on his part) found "corrupt." This idea of the corruption of mankind is very ancient, as any student of the dark ages who has investigated the theory of original sin will tell you. It means that man is born hopelessly wicked, a sorry state of affairs which he inherited from Adam through Eve. Salvation can only be attained by attending church every Sunday and singing hymns. The New Yorker, as all our readers must know, is a smart and sophisticated magazine with a heavy carriage trade, but to find so medieval an idea in its pages makes us believe that they are getting into their right element. After reading the paragraph we stepped to the window expecting to see the editorial staff of The New Yorker dressed like monks and driving a flock of dodoes ahead of them.

WHEN the New Deal came in one of the first things announced by Secretary of Labor Perkins was the revamping of Ellis Island in New York City which is the gateway for incoming immigrants and the place where radicals are held before being shipped back to their home countries. At the present time there are five workers on the island whom the government plans to send back to their homes with the certainty that they will either be imprisoned or shot as soon as they arrive in their respective countries. They had been arrested in various sections of the country under the criminal syndicalist laws and at present are being given the works by the authorities on Ellis Island. As Reds they are segregated, they are denied reading matter, they are barred from all social entertainments and their bail is kept at $2,000 although the usual bail is only $500. When a delegation from various organizations protested to Commissioner Rudolph Reimer against the treatment accorded the prisoners he replied that they were being held in isolation because fights might ensue if they were allowed to mingle with other inmates. The delegation is lodging a protest with Secretary Perkins demanding special consideration for political prisoners and it urges that workers throughout the country protest against the discriminatory measures which the authorities have taken against these five militant foreign-born workers.

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Published weekly by the NEW MASSES, INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1935, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription, $3.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2; three months $1; Foreign $4.50 a year; six months $2.50; three months $1.25. Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be affected in less than 2 weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers, in prose and verse, and of artists. MSS must be accompanied by return postage. The NEW MASSES pays for contributions. 178

UNION SQUARE has been used as a symbol for the radical labor movement. Its dominating physical features are the big bargain department stores, Hearns, Klein's and Ohrbach's which have made 14th Street a great shopping thoroughfare. Ohrbach's is now on strike, and not as a result of infection by the radicals in the neighborhood. The strike is the outcome of low pay, and health-endangering working conditions. In both Ohrbach's and Klein's, the workers' attempt to organize was met with immediate counter-action and a disregard of the N.R.A. Klein broke an agreement with the union, the Department Store Section of the Office Workers' Union. Ohrbach refused to see an inquiry commission headed by Archibald MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize winner. The store's obstinacy has already proved costly. A protest parade of shoppers has been organized; a permanent shoppers' League is in formation. And the pickets defy arrest, fines, jail terms.

EIGHTEEN workers are on trial in Sacramento on charges of criminal syndicalism. More is involved in this

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trial than the liberty of these valiant leaders of the agricultural workers of California. The trial is a dress rehearsal for a statewide campaign to drive the entire militant labor movement of California underground, beginning with the Communist Party. The California criminal syndicalism law was passed in 1919, in the midst of the post-war anti-red hysteria fostered by the employers' associations in order to smash unionism and drive wages down. It has been widely copied in other states. By its very vagueness, the law is the most powerful legal weapon organized capital has in this country against labor. It is flexible enough to snatch an itinerant literature vendor like Kyle Pugh, in Oregon, from the route he has traveled for years, and send him to prison for five years. It is broad enough to threaten the eighteen Sacramento workers with as much as eighty-four years in prison for helping lead the strikes of the oppressed farm workers. The Sacramento cases are going to cost the county $50,000. In between the arrests and the opening of the trial the administration changed, and a "liberal" district attorney, elected on a platform of opposition to the criminal syndicalism prosecutions (in order to save this expense) took office. Instead of moving to quash the indictments, he proposed that the outgoing prosecutor and two assistants, being "familiar with the case," be retained as special prosecutors at $50 a day each. It was so ordered.

The Saar Plebiscite

THE SAARLANDERS have voted to return to Germany. The League of Nations officials have announced the following poll:

For return to Germany	477,119
For the status quo	46,513
For annexation to France	2,124

Millions throughout the world are asking "Was it a free plebiscite? Did the Saar residents dare express their will? Did the League of Nations ensure a really secret ballot as it promised? Did it halt Nazi intimidation?" Ilya Ehrenbourg's eyewitness account in last week's NEW MASSES gave some indication of the answer to these questions. His emphatic "No" was substantiated by the Journal des Nations, a conservative French publication. "The freedom of a secret vote," it reported, "was completely lacking. . . At the last fraudulent maneuvers and false reports did not fail the Nazis. The Saar voted under terror."

That terror was everywhere and it was diabolic in its ingenuity. It operated night and day, for months before the elections. Miners going down into the coal pits belonging to Herr Roechling, the Nazi industrialist in the Saar, came up against it. Spies were everywhere. Gestapo men were stationed in front of workers' homes; before the union headquarters; at their mass meetings. The air was filled with Goebbel's rantings. The Deutsche Front newspapers, heavily subsidized by Hitler's backers, carried daily headlines threatening the "traitors" who wanted "status quo."

The League of Nations "peace" army absented itself from the streets where anti-Nazis, trying to distribute their leaflets, were assaulted by plainclothes S.S. men. The Deutsche Front with all the wealth of Germany behind it, was able to befuddle the issue. Thousands of Saarlanders thought a vote for the status quo meant irrevocable separation from their Fatherland. Thousands of Catholics never were permitted to learn that at the last minute the Vatican through the bishops of Trier and Speyer favored the status quo. All such facts were censored by the Nazi newspapers. Men distributing the Arbeiterzeitung and other organs of the Liberty Front were assaulted, threatened with death.

Herr Roechling proclaimed over the radio before the plebiscite that members of the united front, Socialists and Communists, will be "isolated" after the elections. "They will be treated like people with a disease," he said. "We have promised not to do them any harm, but we have not promised to do them any good." The worth of a Nazi promise is known to most proletarians these days.

Despite this terrorism, the courageous Liberty Front carried on. Their leaders Max Braun, Socialist, and Fritz Pfordt, Communist, appeared daily, disregarding the danger of a Nazi bullet. Their indefatigable activities were such that the correspondent for the Basle Monday Morning News wrote, "If there really had been a free plebiscite a victory for the supporters of the status quo would have been certain." Hitler need not flatter himself with the result. It was obtained under false pretenses. The majority of the Saar's 800,000 population are workers; they will add to the German proletarian army which will finally overthrow Hitlerism.

Max Braun said on the day of the polls: "The impression while the plebiscite was taking place was that the Saar was already under Nazi rule." Since the elections everything is happening in the best tradition of June 30. The scenes of terrified women and children crowding the Socialist workers' center for protection do not bear out the press stories of "dancing in Saar streets." The workers cannot rely on the police who are "heiling" throughout the region.

The League of Nations "protection" is purest flim-flam. France has closed the borders to emigres. The workers are bottled up. They can rely on nobody in the wide world but themselves and their class. However, the Liberty Front leaders have not fled. "We shall continue to fight," they announced. "Even here in the Saar the fight will go on. Our defeat shows the impossibility of struggling against Fascism within the democratic framework."

The Daily Worker has called for immediate defense of the 40,000 Saarlanders who dared, despite monstrous terrorism, to vote against Hitler. It called for immediate extension of the united front in this country. "Socialists," the Communists said, "can we permit Hitler to bring his rule of death and torture into the Saar without some immediate united-front action in the United States against it?"

The right of asylum has been denied all Saarlanders. The concentration camp at Neunkirchen, has already been completely equipped with gallows and soundproof torture chambers. Hitler and Roechling have started their routine of suppression. Only immediate concerted action can rescue the courageous Socialists, Communists and Catholic workers who voted against Hitler.

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Students in Revolt

DURING the last few weeks the conventions held by various national student organizations has brought up again the question of a united front among them and the possibility of dropping the antagonism which only plays into the hands of the ruling class. At the present time there are three leading student organizations in the United States, the National Student Federation, the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League. Members of the S. L. I. D. with the permission of administrations, attend an annual convention at Christmas and a few regional conferences at Thanksgiving. These meetings are restricted wholly to members of student governing organizations, student councils and the like. The annual conventions were formerly very collegiate, but things have changed. At the recent Boston meeting the Federation became socially conscious and supported the New Deal up to the hilt.

The Chicago convention of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, and the St. Louis convention of the National Student League, were much more important. The former organization has been losing ground, especially among undergraduates. It has always been close to the Socialist Party. At present it has reached the stage where its chief problem is how to give organizational form to its various activities. The convention was mainly interested in tightening up its organization. The major concern of both groups is with certain fundamental problems such as militarism and Fascism in the colleges. Although in a minority, a leading element in the N. S. L. is composed of Communist students. They work side by side with the Socialist students.

Though at first, the S. L. I. D. snubbed the N. S. L., it later entered into numerous united fronts. In its most recent convention it appointed a standing united front committee which held weekly meetings. For the past year, these united fronts have borne irresistible testimony to the power of unity of action. Last April, 25,000 students walked out of their classrooms in an epochal demonstration against war and Fascism. The chances are that many more will do so this April.

A year of the united front convinced the N. S. L. to go a step further and put forward the call for the unification of both organizations into one militant student movement.

The leaders of the S. L. I. D. still see plots and subterfuge in every united front proposal. However, it is becoming increasingly difficult to dismiss the problem. Pressure by the students is too great.

These points somewhat illuminate the actions taken by the S. L. I. D. at its convention on the question of unity. A motion to affiliate with the Socialist Party, which would have successfully precluded unity with the N. S. L., was defeated by a majority of about five to one. A motion to elect a committee to investigate the possibilities of united action was also defeated. The motion which was finally passed endorsed unity "in principle" and then stated: "Just so long as the Communist Party, working through the N. S. L. under the guise of non-partisan activity, continues to follow its present sectarian attitude toward other radical organizations, just so long will that stand in the way of the all-essential of good faith in an amalgamated organization."

Resolutions like this, however, will hardly put a stop to the movement for unity. Students throughout the country are beginning to realize that the fight against war, the fight against Fascism are the all important issues today and can be waged only through united front.

A Year of the Guild

ONE ORGANIZATION making steady progress in the field of unionism today is the Newspaper Guild. Led by Heywood Broun, who advocates militant trade-union methods—and who practises on the picket line what he preaches—the Guild has become one of the outstanding economic organizations of professional workers in this country.

Only a year old, the Guild is a force that capitalist newspaper publishers fear more and more. During its year of existence newspapermen and women have learned important lessons. They have seen the Guild carry on negotiations with publishers, and they have seen that these negotiations were between themselves as wage-earners and the publishers as profit-takers; they have seen the N.R.A. machinery brought into the negotiations, and they have learned why other workers call the N.R.A. the National Run Around; they have seen newspaper workers fired for belonging to the Guild, and they have seen the power of unionism in fighting for the right to organize. From aloof and often hostile observers of the class struggle newspapermen and women have become fighters in that struggle. They have lent their aid in picketing with fellow workers on strike in other fields, and they have sent their own delegates to the great Washington Congress for Social Insurance. They have learned, in short, the all-important lesson that they are working-men and women, and that if their economic and professional conditions, driven sharply downward since the beginning of the crisis, are to be bettered, this will only happen through a strong organization such as the Guild.

The Guild is here to stay. It is bound up with and is part of the labor movement in America. The publishers know it too, and are preparing a nationwide attack, on the hypocritical slogan of "freedom of the press." The Jennings case in San Francisco, where Hearst is determined to smash the Guild, marks the beginning of a major offensive. The picayune tactics of Roy Howard of The New York World Telegram, in relation to Heywood Broun, are part of the same move. (Broun's column, after being shifted around, chopped down, squeezed together, left out altogether, and generally used as a football to gratify the publisher's dislike of the president of the Guild, has finally been successfully "buried" on an inside page.)

The Guild has enlisted 9,000 members. It has won a few minor battles. It has just carried through a brief strike action on The Jewish Daily Bulletin, forcing the publisher to pay back wages to the staff. The strike on The Newark Ledger continues with The Ledger's eccentric publisher, L. T. Russell, facing a 45-percent loss in circulation. Greater battles lie just ahead. The Boston Herald has just entered the arena by firing two men for Guild activity. At every point the publishers are challenging the right of newspaper workers to have their own union. More power to the American Newspaper Guild!

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Phil Bard

Our Congress and Theirs

MICHAEL GOLD

WASHINGTON.

CONGRESS was in session on Capitol Hill. I sat in the gallery and listened to a discussion of the new federal budget. This is one of the fateful issues of the day. In these statistics, as in a well-manured soil, lie buried the seeds of another world war and an American fascist state.

An old man was muttering on the floor of the House. It was difficult to follow him; he was talking to himself and The Congressional Record. He had a flabby paunch that trembled under the baggy vest of a country politician; withered gray dewlaps overlay his collar; he mumbled and grumbled, like a weary old fox bored with another hunting season.

I am sure I heard him mention the American flag and the constitution. But it was mainly pork that was bothering him; he querulously complained that the budget did not promise his district all the political pork he and his friends craved.

There are some five hundred representatives of the nation elected to this capitalist Congress. Only a hundred were sufficiently interested to appear for this vital debate. And some studied openly the sporting page of their newspapers; others collected in what resembled smoking-car groups chuckling over the ancient story of the drummer and the farmer's daughter; one group passed certain photographs around with a guilty secrecy that made one suspect these were the latest nudist postcards from Paris. Several congressmen slept. A slick old go-getter was picking his nose. Several worried solons could be discerned writing letters to their absent wives. I am sure I spotted one old imbecile playing a solitary game of tic-tac-toe. A few seemed to listen. One could tell that because they cupped their ears, and strained forward with the bewildered attentiveness of the deaf. They were small-town bankers and city lawyers; fox face, pie face, hog face and bug face; demagogues who lived by wind and cunning; exploiters of the ignorance of the poor; the scum that oozes up to the surface of a capitalist democracy, all of them more incredible than your wildest dreams. A Daumier was needed to immortalize the fantastic degeneracy of a session of this Congress.

At the Auditorium in Washington last week another congress was meeting. It was an assembly, not of lawyers, but of the workers of America, elected on the Soviet plan of representation by industry. There were nearly three thousand delegates. They had gathered to discuss ways and means of obtaining unemployment and social insurance for the desperate people of America.

The budget is the battlefield where the corporations of America maneuver toward fascism. Social insurance emerges more and more as the front on which the workers are uniting their forces in the war against hunger. From now on, I am certain, you will hear a great deal about this campaign for social insurance.

A young delegate of the Unemployment Councils in a Californian city bummed to Washington in freezing box-cars, living on dry sandwiches all the way. But when he made his speech at the congress, you might have taken him, except for the blue overalls, for some unusually earnest young professor of economics.

Twelve delegates from Colorado and Wyoming traveled here in a truck they had painted with their road-name, "The Rambling Cowboys." Among them was a full-blooded Pueblo Indian whose father is active among the Unemployment Councils in Denver. The owner of the truck, Mack Smith, tall, windburned and sombreroed, looked like a movie cowboy until you talked to him. Then you discovered that this strong somber man who operates a mortgaged 20,000-acre cattle ranch in Wyoming with his father and brothers, has for years been reading Marx, Lenin, Gorky, Dos Passos, Rolland and Palme Dutt, and recently ran for office on the Communist ticket.

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The truck had one bench in it that the men sat on during the day and slept on during the cold nights. The cook was a chubby old single-taxer named Ike whose flamboyant sombrero had a rattlesnake skin as hatband. "We had no fights on the way, because I kept their bellies full," he bragged.

A group of Illinois farmers had raised the funds for the bus trip here by raffling off some of their pigs and calves. Around the congress hall were parked hundreds of queer Fords and rattling Chevrolets in which other delegates had battered their way from forty-four states. It was dangerous for many of the delegates to have come. There were some fifty school teachers present, who would be dismissed by the business men who run the schools if the knowledge leaked out. The calm, lanky young President of the United Textile Workers' local at Nashua, N. H., had been expelled from his union for coming to this congress.

William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, is notoriously polite and more than eager to please in his dealings with bosses. He does all his serious fighting against members of the unions. Green and the fat boys sent one of their famous Red-baiting letters to all the local unions on this matter of the congress. They claimed it was run by Communists, and also that the workers' insurance bill was unconstitutional, no less.

Besides this Ku Klux warning, Green's payroll patriots in the unions slugged and expelled many rank-and-filers who dared to agitate for the Unemployment Insurance Bill and the Congress.

It is a sign of the times, however, that Red scares no longer serve to intimidate the American people. Their needs have become too grave and desperate, and the treachery of the rulers more plain every day. The membership of the A.F. of L. would have heeded only a year ago this vicious letter of Green's. This year they responded as follows:

No less than 2,500 local unions and central labor bodies (these include all the unions of a town, city or state), endorsed the Workers' Bill for Unemployment and Social Insurance. They examined it, they discussed it, there was keen and intelligent debate in the usually apathetic unions.

They also answered Green's Red-baiting by sending 307 official delegates to the congress. Let him terrorize and be damned!

There were twenty-one war veterans at the congress, from various organizations, one of them representing officially an American Legion Post in Brooklyn. There was also a Chinese veteran of the American Expeditionary Forces, looking powerful and modern in his ragged khaki, and taking endless notes.

I don't know how many college professors had come, defying the Red-baiters, but I met several. Some 200 delegates represented the professional groups; social workers, engineers and doctors rubbed shoulders with Alabama share-croppers, architects conferred with bricklayers, and government relief investigators with their victims, the unemployed.

The Newspaper Guild had endorsed the congress, and three of its delegates were present officially, the first at any such gathering.

Steel workers, seamen and housewives; lumberjacks, telegraphers and furriers; domestic workers, brakemen, novelists, plumbers and printers: it would need one of Walt Whitman's long catalogue poems to describe the occupations of these delegates and the geography that had bred them.

There were 170 Negroes, most of them from the deep and dreadful south, daring the lynchers for the heroic act of merely being here. Ninety-five women's organizations were represented; twenty-one college students came as delegates; and nineteen church organizations had their people here as did the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A.

The vast ocean of immigrant America was represented, the fraternal orders of the Russians, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Jews, Slovaks, Italians. Up on Capitol Hill the sly and senile old men sat in their congress which claimed to be the voice of the land. But did that group of decadent verbalists, each with the tag of a corporation fastened on his coat, like one of Ford's tin factory badges, truly represent the vast and chaotic continent? Could any group of inferior lawyers and demagogues know intimately what was in the heart and mind of seamen or farmers, steel workers and architects?

The two congresses lived on different planets. One of them represented the producers, the men and women who had created the wealth and culture of America, and now faced the bread-line as a reward. Without them not a wheel could turn, not a blade of wheat could grow, or a dwelling place be erected. But you could tow both the houses of the other congress out to sea and dump them there and the basic life of America would go on—even more efficiently, no doubt. These fleas on a mighty body would never be missed.

I came to the workers' congress from New York with hundreds of other delegates in a special train. We had to sit up all night and we got no sleep. Other delegates arrived after weeks of traveling in box-cars. Two delegates from New Mexico, a Negro and a Mexican had hitch-hiked, making speeches in pool-rooms and on street corners, explaining the congress, and taking up collections to pay for their grub.

Farmers had come in bone-breaking Ford coupes and Mack trucks for thousands of miles; textile weavers and carpenters came in day coaches, missing nights of sleep; a few, and only a few of the two thousand, had come in Pullmans.

I emphasize all this as contrast with the comfortable Congress. There, after a good night's slumber, they dozed and were frankly bored the next day when the state of the nation was discussed. But when the Workers' Congress opened, all the delegates were there, weary and hungry, but watchful as men doing a surgical operation.

It was surprising to some of the intellectuals at the Workers' Congress, who had never witnessed such a gathering, that these travel-weary farmers and workers could listen to and discuss so ably speeches of a technical cast that might have been delivered to a congress of sociologists or social workers.

Here are some of the opening sentences of the address by Mary van Kleeck. That keen and gracious woman, who is now the foremost social worker of our land, has passed far beyond Jane Addams and the settlement house school of thought. She knows that fundamental social change can never come from above, since wealth cannot exist without poverty to support it, and so she had this to say:

> Security of livelihood must be made the leading aim and obligation of the American nation. Government and the economic system must assume this responsibility as the test and objective of all its policies. The basis of economic security for the American people is to be found in security of livelihood for all workers and their families, who constitute the great majority of the American people and whose collective working efficiency is the source of wealth. By workers, we mean all who function in any part of the productive system; and in the cultural, professional, technical and scientific services of society.
>
> The demand for social economic security for the American people, based upon security of livelihood for all the workers of the United States, is the significance of this National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance. While putting forward a program and principles of an unemployment and social insurance system as its central purpose, this national congress of workers must nevertheless concern itself with the wider program implicit in these principles. This wider program will evolve not merely out of the thought that may be given it in these sessions, but out of the experience which day by day develops in these beginnings of a people's movement for security. It is in the light of such an interpretation of this congress—as the first national expression of a people's movement—that all detailed items of an immediate program should be understood.

Miss van Kleeck proceeded, in her lengthy and studious paper, to examine the history of such social insurance, the various sources of the funds out of which it could be established, workers, as against capitalist methods for control of its administration, objections to its practicality, and other technical matters such as those which she recently debated with Dr. Rubinow in the pages of THE NEW MASSES.

Nobody left the hall, dozed or told smutty stories to while the time away. This was a matter of life to the workers, and they strained forward, anxious to miss no detail of this technical paper which analyzed the strategy of their struggle for life. I am sure Miss van Kleeck, who has read scores of such papers before scientific groups, never before received such an ovation as followed; whistles, whoops, cheers, and even Amens.

A New York lawyer defended the Workers' Bill against the charge of its unconstitutionality; papers were read describing the working of the social insurance systems in Europe and the Soviet Union; various fraudulent panaceas like the Townsend insurance plan were exposed, in concrete detail; Roosevelt's

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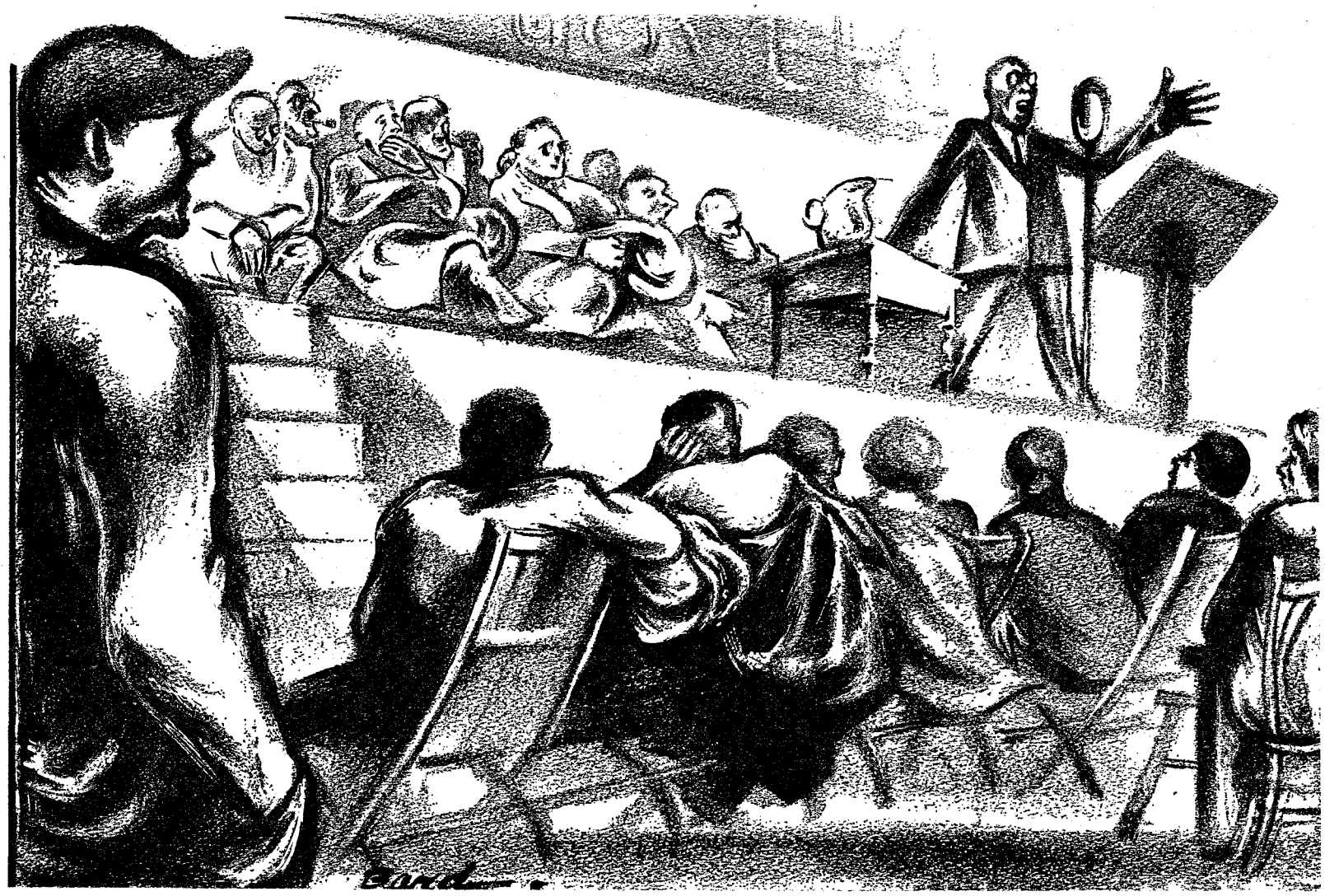

Phil Bard

actuarial policy and such quack schemes as the Wagner Bill, designed not to relieve the unemployed, but to dilute and confuse the mass movement for real social insurance, were carefully and scientifically examined. Herbert Benjamin's keynote speech was a masterly review of the recent history of this capitalist movement for social insurance, this typical Czarist trick of going "liberal" and making a few specious concessions at the brink of a people's uprising.

Said a delegate from a local of the United Mine Workers: "This is a working man's bill that Miss van Kleeck has described, and any man with true working man's blood in his veins will get behind it."

An asbestos worker, a butcher, a steel worker and a house painter pledged their organizations to fight for the bill. A delegate from the United Textile Workers, pale, southern and young, said: "I am young in the labor movement, having come into it actively during the last strike. I am glad you all support such a bill, and I can see where it will annoy only the drones in the hive. I will fight for this bill sincerely, brothers, and so will the local unions I represent."

The congress was historically important as the first battle in a national campaign to end charity relief and the mean politics that is played with it, and to institute in America a great system of social insurance that will provide, in Miss van Kleeck's phrase, "continuity of income" for the worker, a living wage whether he is working or unemployed, as well as sickness, old age, accident, maternity insurance.

This is the beginning of a people's movement that may go farther than most of us know. The wealthy classes already fear it and have begun to sabotage it.

But I think the congress burned the idea into every mind that here was the broadest and most basic issue on which one could unite the American people.

We have made a few important advances toward a united front in the past year, but this congress, gathered around the social insurance issue, proved surprisingly to have been the most remarkable of all the manifestations of the united front.

To begin with, it brought together the largest gathering on a common platform of members of the A.F. of L. and the many independent unions outside Mr Green's dictatorship. It united also on a large scale, intellectuals and professionals with the manual workers.

Hitherto the unemployed have conducted their fight alone. At this congress they were joined by the workers who still have jobs, but who can protect themselves against wage cuts and the drive against their unions only by obtaining adequate insurance for the unemployed, so that the employers no longer have this great reserve army with which to break strikes and cut wages.

And the movement for a Socialist and Communist united front erected another landmark. Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist Party, and Earl Browder, of the Communist Party, had both been invited to speak. Thomas could not appear, but sent a friendly letter in which he approved of the congress. Browder spoke, and made his important declaration about the need for a broad, united front Labor Party.

There were some fifty-four Socialist Party members present as delegates from their local organizations. Two were state secretaries, and others were on their state executive committees. They held a caucus of their own, and pledged themselves to work for the Bill and the united front.

Communists have been accused by the reactionary wing of the Socialist Party of using the united front as a Jesuistic maneuver to entrap members from other groups. Again and again, the Communists have answered this by making real sacrifices for the united front, which to them, as the sensitive advance guard of the working class, appears a life-and-death necessity for the workers in the face of a rising fascism; indeed, the only way to destroy fascism.

It was thrilling, at this congress, to hear the speeches of Socialists who have realized at last

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that this is not a slick political maneuver, this plea for a united front.

Dr. Broadus Mitchell, of Johns Hopkins University, who ran for Governor of Maryland on the Socialist ticket, said that he was ready to appear anywhere on a united front platform. A Socialist delegate from Illinois Unemployment Councils, said: "Let's not wait for the united front in the concentration camps. Let the level-headed of both parties get together. Let us trust each other in this common necessity, and above all, never forget that the real united front is forged on the picket lines and at the relief stations, in the common struggle."

A young Negro from Alabama: "We have the united front in our organization, which is of the unemployed, and is called the Willing Workers Clubs. One of our planks is the demand for the right of Negroes to vote. As chairman of the State Youth Committee I have made many speeches. I will tell you an example of the united front down there.

"I was speaking in a town in Alabama, a little Ku Klux hole. It was at the courthouse, and when I had finished the chief of police grabbed me, and dragged me to the jail in the same building. I guess he was getting ready for to beat me up, when we heard a mob forming outside. He looked out, it was a white mob, and both he and I thought the same thing.

"But the mob was fellow-members of the unemployed council. And they'd come there to get me out, and they did get me out. It was the first time, in Alabama, I guess, that a white mob came to a jailhouse not to lynch, but to free a Negro worker. That's our united front."

This united front at the congress included Republicans and Democrats, wearing their Elk and Mason pins. One delegate from an unemployed council in North Carolina was Nels Christianesen, an enrolled Democrat who had served as State Senator for twenty years, but then had been plunged into the worst hell of the depression. He seems to have learned a great deal in five years.

"The way I see the political situation is this," he said. "Russia is going up to a better world with the Soviet. Germany is sinking into a deep hell with fascism. Here in America we're at the crossroads, and just begun building our united front."

Just before our congress adjourned, delegates called in groups at various government offices to put officials on record on this Bill. The President was nursing a cold, but one of his secretaries was handy and vaguely polite. Other N.R.A. officials displayed their accomplished arts. William Green was away, but a bored old member of the executive listened and said nothing, except once, impatiently, "Don't you people want jobs?"

Huey Long, for his own fascist and demagogic purposes, came out plump for the Bill. Several other congressmen joined Lundeen for the Bill. Aubrey Williams, assistant to Hopkins, the relief administrator, refused to commit himself. "It doesn't sound practical, and as a matter of fact I am late for a committee meeting." It was the usual Washington runaround that workers receive here.

But the workers held him, and one after the other rose to pour into his unwilling ears the simple annals of proletarian life. The important relief executive was genuinely amazed. These horrors that are so commonplace to every unemployed council had never before reached the sanctum of Aubrey Williams.

"Incredible!" said the innocent administrator. "I wonder how all this can end!"

A shout went up in the sacred offices of the United States government. "We know how it will end!" the workers shouted. "We know!"

The Sacramento Trials

JACK WARNICK

[*The writer is one of the eighteen workers now on trial in Sacramento.*—THE EDITORS.]

COUNTY JAIL, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

THE California Criminal Syndicalism Act, a pure example of class law, was passed in 1919, ostensibly to protect the commonwealth from sedition—"to protect American institutions from the destructive menace of alien agitators." The real target was California's 300,000 agricultural workers.

California's army of ranch workers plays a peculiarly important role in the state's industrial economy. Upon the primary base of fruits, vegetables, nuts, etc., which these workers produce, are built the secondary but important industries of processing, packing, canning, shipping and, to a large extent, power. And over all is a watchful and highly integrated financial oligarchy.

Upon the ranch hands in the field, and on their children, rest most of the great private fortunes of the state's landed and industrial aristocracy. To protect its position the ruling class must preserve the status quo of its relations with the agricultural workers. Therefore—unalterable opposition to any effort to better the condition of the exploited agricultural workers!

For decades the employers had defeated all attempts of the agricultural workers to organize, employing the usual methods of bribery, demagogy and intimidation. Appeals to loyalty, patriotism and chauvinism were effectively used to divide the workers along racial and color lines. When the I.W.W. entered the field before the World War, and these "reasonable" methods began to fail, the employers resorted to more direct means of suppression. Workers were driven, clubbed, jailed, shot, killed. The failure of even these methods to stop the growth of the "One Big Union" brought forth the Criminal Syndicalism Act. Immediately after the enactment of the law it was used extensively to prosecute the I.W.W. organizers, many of whom were sent to prison for long terms.

Although the Wobblies had serious organizational weaknesses, the mass prosecutions for criminal syndicalism at the beginning of the 1920's played no small part in the liquidation of the militant syndicalist union. The act was then shelved for ten years until the first year of the capitalist crisis when the now famous Imperial Valley case occurred. As a direct result of strikes eight organizers of the newly created Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union (then called Agricultural Workers Industrial League) were convicted of criminal syndicalism and given long prison sentences ranging from two to fifty-six years.

The C. & A. W. I. U. for a time led a dormant existence. But in the 1933 upsurge it set the brilliant record of 50,000 workers led in strike struggles, 22,000 new members enlisted and many victories won. The series of strikes culminated in the fall in the cotton strike, an event that for three weeks monopolized headlines of California newspapers. The employers were amazed that the strike call should be answered by 18,000 determined workers—black, brown, and white—over a scattered area covering several thousand square miles. In an attempt to cripple the biggest and best organized strike of the year and at the same time behead the C. & A. W. I.U., an indictment charging criminal syndicalism was brought against Pat Chambers, the western district organizer of the union.

Chambers' arrest and imprisonment under the prohibitive cash bail of $10,000 did not defeat the strike. His place at the head of the Central Strike Committee was immediately filled by the young district secretary of the union, Caroline Decker. Despite the killing of three strikers and several wounded, an increase of 25 percent, representing a half-million dollars more in wages, was won.

Pat Chambers' trial resulted in a deadlocked jury. The case was finally dismissed —five months after the arrest. The growing radicalization of the masses under the im-

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pact of the crisis, the splendid support, organized principally by the Communist Party, plus the desire of the employers to pacify the angered workers over the acquittal of eight growers charged with the murder of the strikers, temporarily saved Chambers from the fate of the Imperial Valley victims.

The tremendous success of the cotton strike gave the workers the needed courage again to assault that hitherto impregnable preserve of grower-shipper profits, Imperial Valley. Two strikes at the beginning of 1934 shook the Valley. Although under constant terror, the workers succeeded in wringing concessions from the reluctant bosses. However, all known strike leaders — Chambers, Ray, Hancock, Cutler, Nieto, Saloranzo — were placed under arrest and a warrant was even issued for Caroline Decker, although she had not been within hundreds of miles of the Valley. Attorneys who came into the Valley to defend the prisoners were arrested for "vagrancy" and when released were kidnaped, clubbed into unconsciousness and threatened with lynching. Although the strike leaders were found guilty of "vagrancy," "disturbing the peace," etc., none this time was charged with criminal syndicalism. Too much public attention had been focused on this ruthless "law unto itself" Valley. The employers were holding their heavy artillery in reserve.

They held many secret meeings during the winter and spring months of 1933-34. As a result committees were established, new organizations formed with high-sounding but misleading patriotic names. One such organization called "Associated Farmers, Inc." had a financial committee of such "farmers" as Earl G. Fisher of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. (power trust), Leonard Wood, of the California Packing Corporation (Del Monte —a "farmer" who owns several hundred thousand acres of choice land) and Colbert Caldwell of the State Industrial Relations Board! "Associated Farmers" had offices in San Francisco which have become the employers' publicity bureau. Speaking tours are arranged, systematic releases are given to the press. The theme is constant and unvarying—the people are faced with a "red menace"; the "subversive activities of alien agitators threatens the State's industry and agriculture with destruction."

Beginning with the outbreak of the West Coast Longshore and Marine Strike on May 9, the tension hovering over the agricultural hinterland was gradually eclipsed by the greater tension at the seaports. This tension was deliberately aggravated by the press until, when the San Francisco general strike was called in the middle of July, it seemed to have reached the proportions of an uncontrolled public hysteria. As a matter of fact, this hysteria was confined to the press, the employer groups, the officials and the "patriotic" organizations which they control. The vast majority of the people undoubtedly were sympathetic with the strikers. However, the smoke-screen, artificial as it was, gave the employers their opportunity for the counter-attack against the agricultural workers.

Under cover of this hysteria there occurred almost simultaneously police and vigilante raids on C. & A. W. I. U. headquarters everywhere. Not one of the score of union headquarters in the state was allowed to remain open — all were smashed or forcibly closed. And the climax of the reaction came with the arrest of thirty-four men and women in Sacramento, the home of the district offices of the C. & A. W. I. U. All thirty-four were charged with vagrancy, but eighteen were picked out and these were charged with criminal syndicalism on six counts. Thus out of a thousand or more arrested during the California "July Days" only these eighteen were chosen to face this dreaded capitalist law. The full significance of this fact can be appreciated when one realizes that included among the eighteen are Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker and eight other functionaries of the Agricultural Union. The other eight prisoners are the local organizers of the Communist Party, the International Labor Defense and the Unemployment Council, organizations that have been the closest allies of the agricultural workers in their struggle for emancipation from their miserable conditions.

The smashing of the C. & A. W. I. U. apparatus and the jailing of the Union officials have not crushed the militancy of the workers. Since the "July Days" there have been innumerable spontaneous strikes led by unnamed worker-heroes in the class struggle. Many of these resulted in substantial gains. Moreover, there have been several large strikes—in the hop fields near Sacramento, in the vegetable fields of Southern California, not to mention the big strike of 6,000 lettuce workers in Salinas Valley in which, for the first time, the colored Filipino and Mexican workers fought together with the white A.F. of L. workers in the packing sheds.

The big growers have attempted to introduce the A.F. of L. into the field, as the lesser of two evils. Open overtures have been made to Paul Scharrenberg, state secretary of the A.F. of L., to deliver the workers over to the labor bureaucracy at $5 per head. So far this attempted deal has brought little results. The workers are too revolutionary to take to the A.F. of L. bureaucracy.

The militant fight of the workers and their repudiation of the A. F. of L., however, should not hide the necessity of freeing their chosen leaders—of smashing the vicious criminal syndicalism law. Not only is there real danger that eighteen innocent people will be sent to prison for six to eighty-four years, but also there is the equal danger of putting an end to a revolutionary task only half completed. Convictions would mean the virtual illegalizing of the C. & A. W. I. U. and all left-wing labor and political organizations in California.

Only the widest possible support of the workers can assure even the semblance of a fair trial. Upon the advanced workers and farmers, upon the liberal professionals and intellectuals everywhere hangs the fate of eighteen militant workers and the fate of the revolutionary movement in California.

Protests should be sent to District Attorney Otis D. Babcock and Judge Dal M. Lemmon, County Court House, Sacramento, California, and to Governor Frank F. Merriam, and United States Attorney General Webb, Capitol Building, Sacramento, California.

Decker

PAUL COURTNEY

Bygod
I think Id kill
someone
if I was out
of here
right now.
You know what we just heard?
Well first of all
I guess you know that
everyone
is in the
can
at Sacramento
charged
with vag
C. S.
etc—well——
Caroline——
youknow
Comrade Decker——
the girl who led the
cotton strike
last year
well she
got out at last
on bail
the other day
aaah
forah
hey Pete
how much they say
was Deckers bail ?
"Threethousand wasnt it?"
I think so
yeah
threethousand
cash
andIllbedamned
if they dont turn around
and pick her up again for
vag
or no—I think
C. S.
1-84 yrs.

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Two Thousand Dying on a Job

2. How the Tunnel Workers Lived

BERNARD ALLEN

"YOU LOOK at that tunnel there and you think it's a mighty fine thing. Just from looking at it, a man would never know how many lives were sacrificed," Harless Gibson made grim comment. We went up to Gauley Junction from Fayette County, West Virginia, to investigate when we heard that "men are still dying like flies" from silicosis—a disease they contracted while building a tunnel for a hydro-electric plant begun by the New-Kanawha Power Company in 1929 and now nearing completion. And we found people willing to talk.

Harless Gibson, who was a deputy sheriff of Fayette County from 1928 to 1932, said "Living conditions of the men were as bad as the conditions of their work. As high as twenty-five to thirty niggers used to sleep in a shack no bigger than ten by twelve feet. They was made of Jerryline stripping with a half-window in the side and a home-made door. There was two bunks stretched across the side of the room, and I've seen as many as fifteen men piled in a heap on the bunk." When we said we would like to talk to some of the men who had worked in the tunnel, Mr. Gibson called to a Negro who was passing: "Come here, George, and tell the reporters your story."

George Houston, a strongly-built man of twenty-three, came up to us, walking very slowly and breathing with effort. He is in what the doctors call "the third stage" of silicosis, which means that he has not much longer to live. There were dark rings under his red-rimmed eyes; and when he climbs stairs, "It gets me to breathin' so hard I have to lay down," he said. George worked only forty-eight weeks carrying water, shoveling muck, or operating a drill in No. 1 heading of the Gauley Junction-Hawk's Nest tunnel; yet in this short time he breathed in so much silica dust in the badly ventilated heading that the disease is rapidly destroying his lungs.

We asked George how much rent he had paid for sleeping "space" in one of the boxlike hovels Mr. Gibson had described, and this is what he told us:

> Fifty cents a quarter [per week]. They only furnished a little old shack. We paid shack-rent every Friday. There was nothing in the shack. The men had to buy bedclothes, coal, a stove. They used to bring the old dynamite boxes up from the workings to set on. Men, women and children were crowded up together. Some of the women was married, and some wasn't. Families had four, five other men sleeping on the bunks with them. Some men couldn't stand the conditions of the shacks. You could see they was lousy if you looked in. I went to stay at the Jungle [at Gauley Junction between the railroad and the river], but I had to pay to stay over there. They took shack-rent from anyone who had a working ticket.

Wages were cut from 50 cents an hour (the 1930 scale) to 40 cents and then to 30 cents. George told us:

> They made the men work, whether they wanted to or not. If they was sick they made them work. They had a shack rouster named McCloud, who carried a gun. He was a deputy sheriff [license from Fayette County, given on recommendation of the New-Kanawha Power Company] and every morning he went up to the shacks and made the men go to work.

When George's partner in the drill hole had his head cut off by falling rock, George did not want to go back to the tunnel, so Deputy McCloud arrested him.

Gibson told us more of this "shack rouster." In Number One camp for Negro workers McCloud ran a club for men, a place where they could drink and gamble. "It was a skin-game," Gibson said. "The cut for the house was 25 cents (when betting on cards). He chased the niggers in from the hills if he found them throwing dice, and made them gamble in the clubhouse so he would get a percentage of their winnings. He would take all their money away from them."

What had become of McCloud? we asked. The religious people in Gauley Bridge complained about the gambling. C. A. Conley, head sheriff of Fayette County, after he had warned McCloud several times, closed the clubhouse. He took McCloud's commission away from him at the same time. No longer of use to the New-Kanawha Power Company, McCloud is now trying to get a job with the Koppers Coal Company.

The majority of the men working on the tunnel who died when the work was first begun, were Negroes. Mrs. Jones, who lives up Gauley River, told us, "They buried them like they was burying hogs, putting two or three of them in a hole. The men was buried in what they got killed or died in."

Each week the Negro workers were docked 75 cents for the company doctor (25 cents more than the white workers were charged). As for the service they received, "I sent in a call for the doctor for four weeks and he never came," George Houston said. "And I was still paying for him."

We heard of instance after instance of brutal treatment and discrimination. "They was treated worsen if they was mules." Mr. Jones told us. "The foreman would cuss at them bad and run them ragged. He would run them right back into the powder smoke in the tunnel after a shot, instead of letting them wait thirty minutes like the white men done."

George Houston—One of the Victims

Why did the Rinehart and Dennis Company dare to treat their Negro workers "worsen if they was mules"? Essentially because they were unorganized. The majority of them were far from home. They had emigrated from states up and down the Atlantic seaboard: from Pennsylvania, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida; and from as far inland as Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio. Most of them had been recruited by scouts of the company who went through the states giving glowing accounts of "steady work" in Fayette County. In this way, a steady stream of cheap labor kept pouring in, enabling the company to reduce the hourly wage until it reached the low of 25 cents. But this contracting corporation not only robbed its workers by a brutally low wage scale, but consciously doomed them to die when they neglected to furnish respirators (masks) which would have safeguarded them from deadly silica dust in the tunnel headings. Kies, purchasing agent for Rinehart and Dennis, was overheard saying to a respirator salesman, "I wouldn't give $2.50 for all the niggers on the job." (Ernest Lyes, a white worker of twenty-six, who died last summer, made an affidavit stating that he heard Kies say this, but it was not allowed to be introduced into the court testimony, we were told.)

Why do you think that the contractors

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from Charlottesville, Virginia, did not furnish their workers with safeguards of masks and wet drills? Because they thought they would finish the job and be out of the state before the men began to die? Silicosis usually takes from ten to twenty years to develop in a man's lungs. Kies spoke again for the company when he said to Hawkins, the assistant superintendent, "I knew they was going to kill these niggers within five years, but I didn't know they was going to kill them so quick." (George Houston made an affidavit saying he heard Kies say this in the company commissary where George had gone to buy a can of tomatoes.) As soon as work was begun in the tunnel, workers began to die like flies.

The ambulance was clanging day and night to the Coal Valley Hospital. One colored boy died at four o'clock in the afternoon; he was buried at five without being washed. Why? Because the company did not wish an autopsy made which would have uncovered the cause of his death.

Workers who sued the contractor charged that the company engaged a "funeral director," named Handley White, to bury the men at $55 a head. This is lower than the usual cost of burial and indicated, the plaintiffs claimed, that Rinehart and Dennis officials had been able to drive a bargain with the undertaker because they knew the death figures would be high.

In court testimony it was brought out that Handley White had buried the Negroes on his mother's farm, a mile outside of Summerville. And in Gauley Bridge the rumor was spread that last spring the graveyard had been plowed and planted to corn. The company would not let relatives have the bodies of the men who died to send back to their homes.

We visited the little construction camp high up in the hills where the Negroes who worked on project No. 1 of the tunnel had been housed. There were few of the wretched hovels left. In Gauley Bridge "the company tears down the shacks of those niggers. If it didn't it would never get rid of them. They'd stay there the rest of their lives." Asked where they would go, the answer was "Back down where they came from, I suppose."

But the Negroes who remained in the hillside camp were loath to move. One said that he and his fellows had been threatened with jail, but "they'd never run me off until I died or they paid me."

It is almost superfluous to wonder why this great industrial tragedy has received almost no publicity. The Union Carbide and Carbon Company, whose subsidiary, the New-Kanawha Power Company, was in part responsible for the silicosis tragedy is one of the largest holding companies in America. Along with the Union Carbide and Carbon Company's plant in South Charleston and its two subsidiary plants at Alloy and Glen Ferris, we find the Kanawha Valley strewn with works belonging to such powerful companies as du Pont de Nemours, the Appalachian Power Company, the Hope Natural Gas Company. . . . An endless chain of powerful corporations.

Hurrah for Mr. Goldstein!

SUE VARNA

THE Stock Boys spent lunch time washing their faces, the girls painting their lips. The salesmen in clean shirts returned at three and Miss Isaacs ordered food and drinks and pulled the plugs from the switchboard.

The party started at four with everyone gay and expectant. The table on one side of the room was packed with food and drinks and cigarettes. Red and green crepe paper hung between ceiling lights and furniture had been moved to make room for dancing. Mr. Goldstein had been generous. He had spared nothing.

A swell party! A swell boss! A swell Christmas spirit!

The boys had prepared their wise-cracks. The girls chattered smartly. Mr. Goldstein was merry. He created gaiety everywhere as he circled around the room. The girls began to dance while others orchestrated. Mr. Goldstein broke in on Kitty and Miss Isaacs. It was very funny. Everyone laughed a lot.

The gin was drunk from lilly cups. Pretty soon the bottles ran dry and someone ran down for more. Mr. Goldstein pushed Kitty up on the platform and she twisted her body while Roy crooned, "A little bit sweet and a little bit honey, a little bit sad and a little bit funny, S-w-e-e-t-i-e p-i-e." Then Mr. Goldstein stumbled across the rolls of silks and pulled down with him Kitty and the silks. Mr. Goldstein was the life of the party.

Miss Brinkley was in a bad state and kept falling over everyone, especially Mr. Goldstein. He in turn, kissed all the girls and called them his children and the Stock Boys slapped Mr. Goldstein on the back and Mr. Goldstein slapped the Stock Boys on the back. It was a very democratic party.

"My children, I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." It was Mr. Goldstein who had taken the platform to orate. The children stood around and held respectful silence.

"And I hope you all have a lot of money next year and I hope we all have a lot of money because when we have money we give you the money and there is nothing that gives me more pleasure . . ."

But Mr. Goldstein had to stop because Miss Brinkley was giving a noisy song and dance number.

"Ssh . . . Brinkley, I'm trying to say something. Brinkley, please!" It was a tense moment. Mr. Goldstein was losing his patience. Everyone went ssh . . . and looked angry. Finally Roy and Tony went over and kissed Miss Brinkley and there was silence again.

Mr. Goldstein smiled his broad flashy smile and continued. "And so my children, you know that my greatest pleasure is to give to you, the people that work for me. And again let me repeat, that when we have money we give you the money and don't forget this is your business and if we all work together we will have money. And to show my great affection for you, my children, and you know tomorrow is Christmas, I'm going to give every little lady here a dress and every young man a brand new shirt and tie."

There was lots of clapping and someone started a cheer.

Hurrah for Mr. Goldstein!
Hurrah for Mr. Goldstein!
Hurrah for Mr. Goldstein!

The gaiety started anew. Brinkley passed out and everybody else became happier and happier. Willie was persuaded to stuff his pockets with pickles and Kitty to give another dance.

Mr. Goldstein had fallen in love with making speeches. He mounted and remounted the platform, pants pulled above his knees, saying to his children that his greatest pleasure was to give to them.

"My children, I love you!"

There were more cheers and dances and everyone sang "There's always fair weather when good fellows get together."

The day after Christmas, Brinkley called from the main floor. "Listen, girls, give me your dress sizes and I'll hand them to the boss when he's in a good mood. We're not taking any chances of letting him forget."

The next day she called again. "I put the paper with your sizes on his desk, so stand by."

And the weeks slipped by. Everyone began urging everyone else to ask Mr. Goldstein about the Christmas present. They said to Brinkley, "Come on, Brinkley, you have nerve. Ah, come on Brinkley, after lunch." Brinkley said "yes" and prepared her words for after lunch.

No one knew exactly what happened between Brinkley and the boss, but later she called upstairs: "Listen, girls, for God's sake don't ever mention the word dress or shirt or necktie. The boss went into a fit. He yelled and cursed and called us names. He said we ought to be happy to have a job and if we thought that he was going to buy us clothes too, we were pretty mistaken. And if we weren't satisfied we could go right out and look for a job. And all that sort of thing. So, please, for God's sake don't talk about it again, girls."

Josephine put down the receiver. Josephine whose aunts were nuns, and whose young cousins were choir boys. Josephine, who after a week of hard work went to 7 o'clock mass every Sunday. Josephine, who went to confession and read only books approved by her church. Josephine said:

"The God damn son of a bitch."

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Songs About Lenin

[*These translations are from verses collected in Central Asia. Cruelly persecuted under the Czars, these semi-primitive peoples now sing of a new life brought by the Bolshevik revolution. Many images drawn from their life under the Czars are still used. We present these poems on the anniversary of Lenin's death, Jan.* 21.]

Kirghiz Song

In Moscow, in the great stone city,
Where the country's chosen lie gathered
A hut stands on the square
And in it Lenin lies.

You who bear a great sorrow
Which nothing can console
Come to this hut: Look at Lenin!

And your sorrow will be carried off like water,
It will float away like leaves on a stream,
But a new, quiet sorrow will envelop you
That he who was the father of his land
Was stung with the sting of death.

We love him even as we love our steppes
And more—our huts and steppes we would give away,
Our camels, wives and children if these could bring him back . . .
But he is in the dark, the awful, the unknown.

Where shall we look for him now? we cry,
And the steppe cries with us,
The moon and stars cry with us:
They remember Lenin . . . We remember Lenin.
And neither ourselves nor our grandsons' grandsons
Ever will forget him . . . Our steppes may choke with weeds
And tens of Kirghiz generations walk from the earth
But the last of them will be happy that he goes
Where Lenin is.

Uzbekhistan Song

The poplar can lift its top above the mountain peaks
Only if its roots drink water enough;
No hills of sand can fill the hollow of the sea
Unless they are as big as the Pamir Mountains;
A man can make the whole world say his name
Only if he commits some awful crime
Or brings something good to the whole wide world.

Many crimes have made the earth shudder
But few men have done good deeds.
The greatest of good deeds was done by Lenin,
The urn of virtues, he who freed the earth.

The peaks of the Pamir may be leveled
And the oceans cover up the earth
And in their place new mountains rise
Ten times as high as the Pamir—
Ages may walk with iron tread across the earth—
Men may forget where their fathers lived—
Men may forget their fathers' tongue—
But they will not forget the name of Lenin.

The name of the greatest of men will never be forgotten:
Would not seas of tears have been shed without him?
Would not the earth have bled dry without him?
Did he not stop the great Russian war?
Did he not dry our tears?
Has he not warmed us with the rays of his soul?
Has he not crushed the beys, the lice of the earth?

We don't know where he found so much strength;
Our weak eyes can't see into the soul of this great man.
But this alone we know:
Lenin's equal in mind and heart
Earth has not yet begotten.

Now we live, now we try,
However little, to be like him—
The hero who brought us freedom.

Kalabadam Song

In April Lenin was born, in January he died.
These two months in red and black
Are pressed into our memory.

Now in April we shall wear
Red clothes to show our joy,
And in January we shall wear
Black clothes to mark his death.

In April we will sing joyous songs;
In January, sad ones.
In April the sun will sing happily with us,
In January the cold wind will wail with us.

Tadjikistan Song

We Tadjiks sing of what we see.
If we see a fine horse we make a song about it . . .
We have songs made by sweet-tongued poets,
Songs meant to travel along the borders of the years.
Those which have passed at least three ages
Told of flowers and beautiful girls,
But today they do not sing of girls and flowers:
They sing of our new freedom,
They sing about an aeroplane,
They sing of beautiful future days,
But more than all else they make songs about Lenin
For they know without him no new songs would have been born
(Save those like howls of dogs: that is, praises of the czars
Of their generals, their colonels, their soldiers.)
Lenin gave the bards the right to sing of what they pleased
And all of them at once began to sing about Lenin.

Dangara Song

Lenin lifting his head above the stars
Saw the whole world in a glance,
The world his hands could guide.
Vast was his mind,
With room enough for a peasant's complaint
As well as the waging of war.

He did not reign long, but his reign was like a bonfire
Giving to some light and warmth,
To others flame and fire—
His life which burned up in the fire of his love. . . .

Long we noticed that he was burning away,
But we could not drown the fire of love in his heart
And thereby save his life:
Can anyone put out the blaze of a burning steppe?
The fire in Lenin's heart was a thousand times more strong.

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Will the Farmer Go Red?

6. The Way Out

JOHN LATHAM

THE CLEAREST PROOF that the farmers must look to themselves and sharply if they are not to be further ground out through the New Deal comes with the flood of recapitulations on the "progress" under the Roosevelt administration around the New Year. To a farmer sitting miserably in his farm kitchen, puzzling about fuel and food for the winter, knowing that if he is to get seed for spring he must borrow, that it is even doubtful that there will be *enough* seed available, all the sweet tidings from the White House mean less than the promises of a Santa Claus in whom an adult would be foolish to trust. Presents may have been broadcast throughout the land but to the poor little rich boy, not to the farmer. At this happy holiday season many a banker and insurance company may thank their lucky stars for a year weathered by help of a kind government. If anyone speaks up loudly calling attention to the added billion dollar a year farm income in 1934 that somebody is certain not to be a farmer. If a man owes a dollar and someone gives him a nickle to pay it, it is not a matter for rejoicing. It is cause for rejoicing only to those who get the nickles and enough of them make a dollar. Farmers have gotten nickles, relatively speaking, and the aggregate pile has not altered the farm situation.

Let us do some recapitulating of our own and, on the other side of the scale of the additional billion dollar income for 1934, weigh the enormous farm debt of over ten billion. If in some parts of the country a few farmers have benefited by the higher prices for farm products, balance that with the masses of farmers who literally had nothing to sell and who must pay high prices for feed or let their stock go or perish. Check off the number of cattle wiped out, the number of crops plowed under, the number of farmers hungry plus the numbers of city people who went without food. A few machinery companies have gotten their bills paid, taxes have to some extent been met, interest on mortgages has stemmed the tide. Yes, money has poured into the farm belt into the same old well-lined pockets and never before has money been so much needed by the farmer himself. In a year when a man has corn and wheat and fodder and garden truck, he can put a new patch on the overalls and laugh it off perhaps, but with no produce it's a different matter. Get it straight: the drought has merely brought to a head a very old program in the farm belt that has been gradually impoverishing farmers ever since the day they began turning under the green grass land.

From the day the sod turned, the problem for the farmer has been a long cumulative one and the A.A.A. coupled with the drought has merely accelerated a steady, grinding process of eliminating the farmer from free competition and from the chance to make a decent living for himself and family. At this date, the President may broadcast the same old words of cheer that mean just what they meant two years ago. Everyone knows that people must be put to work so that production can get going, so that consumption can be on the up not the down grade. That is the prime question, all hands are agreed. But the farmer knows he is further away from that solution, not nearer to it. Strip him of his base, and then try to tell him he is on the upgrade and he will merely tell you that you are a liar.

The administration may sound as if it is fooled by that billion dollar additional income for 1934 but if it is fooled, it would not rely as it does on the subsistence farm idea. It is relying on that plan for the reason that it knows in spite of all the cheerio the real state of affairs. It may act as if it thought the farm situation was on the upgrade but the subsistence homestead projects and the various schemes made with an eye toward making a bulkwark of the farmer, giving him just a dab of land to fool him into thinking himself a land owner, dangling him along, not actually making a proletarian worker of him, because after all, there are too many of those to be healthy already, but stringing the farmer along—to what are these schemes due except a realization that the farmer is being wiped out as a free competitive factor?

And when he is so wiped out, just where is he? It is hoped that he will fit nicely into the new schemes for him. But isn't the administration banking a little too heavily on what the ownership of a very small subsistence farm will do? When it tells you that such a farmer cannot compete for his produce on the open market, when ingenious schemes such as providing the canned food for the government now bought from private companies, will be instigated, when the farmer will not have one word to say about what he is to raise—may not the idea just occur to him that ownership in a small tract involving a long mortgage payment covering the balance of his life, may mean not pride in property but forced labor?

The rationalization of farming as an industry, on the one hand, and the development of capitalistic tenancy, on the other hand, have combined already to push the masses of farmers away from the base of private ownership of land which was considered the rock upon which farming was established. Hope of ownership was a potent force at the beginning of the century; thirty-five years later those farmers still holding to their homes by name are actually so overburdened with mortgages as to be owners no longer. The percentage of mortgage-free men is small in comparison with those weighed down. The farmer is pondering on this picture and whereas ownership meant one thing in 1900, it may mean nothing but a debt burden in 1935. The fights in the Middle-West, the stronghold of farming in this country, have centered around holding to the farm. Yet holding to the farm has not solved the problem of a market. Wages of city workers are spread too thin; too many are unemployed to be buyers of farm products.

If the militant movements have arisen around the needs of the poorest farmers, it is because the farmers realize that even though they may still have a stake in the farming situation at the moment, it may not be for long. Many farmers who still have a base, who still own homes have rallied with those less fortunate in making fights for relief, against evictions; and in the sentiment spreading so rapidly for wiping out the debts, middle farmers who still have hopes of good crops voice that need as often as the very poor.

The program is the thing. The way out for the farmer is only along the lines of struggle for needs that are already realized by the poorest, that will be realized by those still further up the scale as time goes on. Farmers have been too smart to be fooled by panaceas of legislation that offer basically hope for the creditor rather than the farmer. They have not rallied in any great numbers to schemes that promise cost of production and at the same time foist on the farmer's back all his old burdens, his ancient woes.

The frontier days are still too near at hand. Many a man plowed his land and suffered poverty with hope in a country that held out fresh opportunity "somewhere else." The valley over the hill is now occupied by a farmer restlessly turning his eyes elsewhere. The sky is above, he can look there, but there are no more fresh valleys. This is not a peasantry. Farmers are not humble people. They are not used to thinking of anyone as "their betters." They want the best for their children and the way to the best is not an easy road. There is no simple way out and the farmer realizes that. Some of them are deeply pessimistic at present, some of them are holding to the scraps left and waiting, many of

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them are tightening their belts for real struggle. How long it will take masses of farmers to realize that only an economy planned and devised for and by workers and farmers will get them "the best" is not possible to conjecture. But before that realization even comes, the opportunity to struggle for real crying needs will have been presented, is presenting itself. They can choose between fighting for immediate relief needs that will relieve their present poverty and following, let us say, such demagogic leaders as Olsen whose promises are based on concern for the creditor class. They can choose to unite, regardless of beliefs, on a platform of actual struggle for seed and feed loans without interest. If the government is really in earnest about helping the farmer and not the banker, let it prove it.

Let the administration prove its oft-repeated confidence in the farmer and its wish to help the farmer by relief that will protect him, not his creditor. Make the government pay a price for cattle that will allow the farmer to buy new animals. If the administration really wants to prime the pump, let it pour in a tea cup of water, not a thimble full. Farmers will continue to demand that evictions shall not take place. If there is to be a program for farmers and not insurance companies, then farmers must stay on the soil. When loans are made, as they must be made, they should be long time loans, without interest. How else is the farmer to regain his feet? How otherwise gain a stride that has been taken from him. He has been crippled through no fault of his own, through the wasteful economy of a profit system that was willing to allow thousands of farmers to fail that the land might be opened up, railroads reap freight, grain men and packers grow rich—now let such a government look to itself and make real amends, if it can, not merely passes of the hand. The rabbit may pop from the hat, but the farmer sitting on the front seat sees that it is a silk hat and the magic will never enrich him. He wants to keep his place as a farmer, not as a wage slave, plugging along on a pocket handkerchief of land, picking greens at the command of a government-appointed "expert" who can regulate his life, vaccinate his children and try to make him grateful for a drudging existence. Fancy rag rugs scattered over his subsistence home by the President's wife will not blind him to his fate.

But his fate is inching up on him and the struggle must come and not be postponed. There is a vehicle ready and waiting around which farmers are uniting. The Farmers' Emergency Relief Bill, which calls for the repeal of the A.A.A. It further calls for no evictions and for cancellation or wiping out the debts that threaten the possession of the farmer's home and equipment. Cash relief and long term crop production loans without interest are to be furnished those in need. Loans for equipment and livestock shall be provided, over a long term without interest. The needs for relief and for the benefits of this Act shall be determined by the farmers designated in this Act, through committees they themselves elect from their own number. An initial sum of $2,000,000,000 is proposed, which sum shall be raised by taxation sharply graduated upward on inheritance and gifts and on incomes in excess of $5,000.

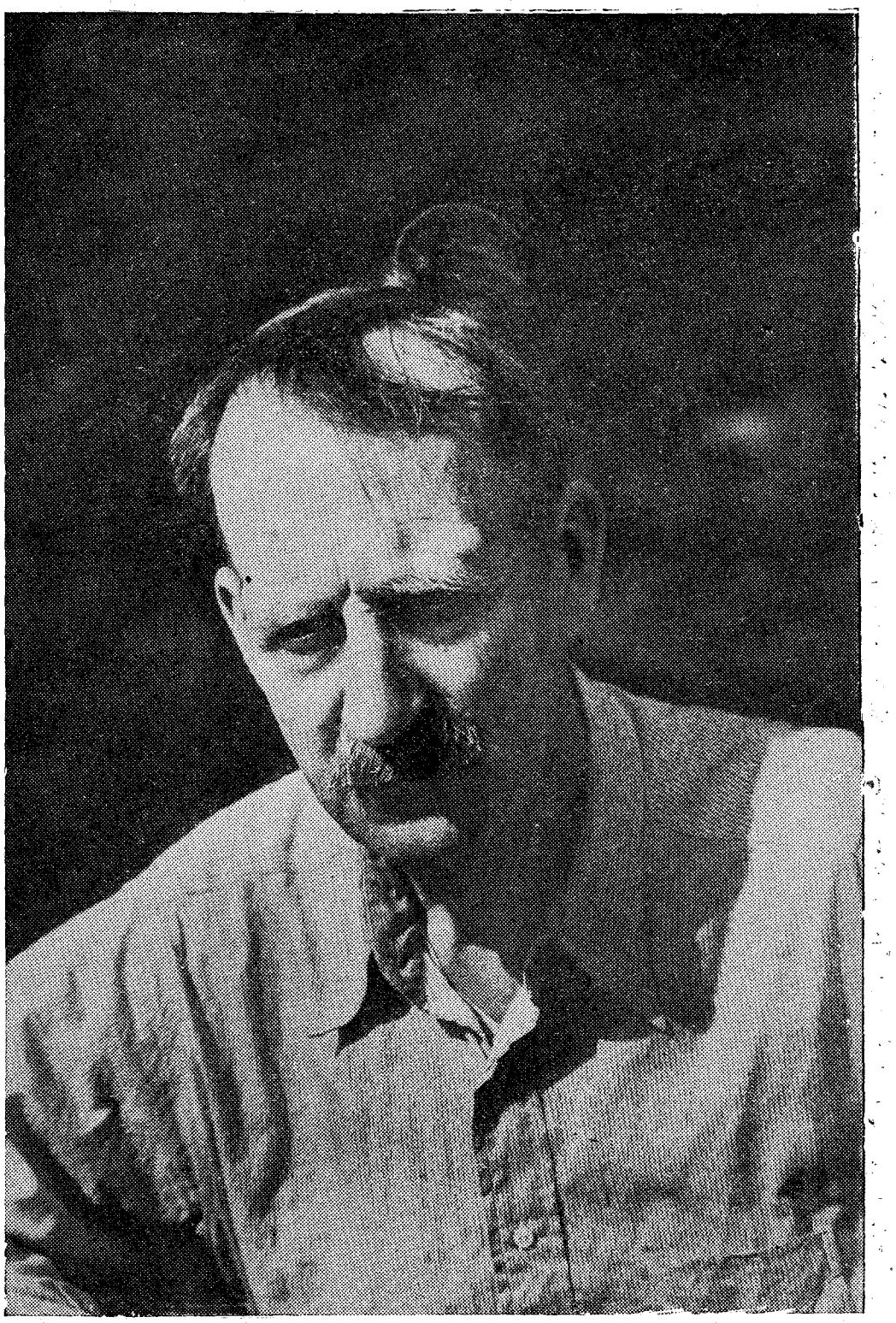

Photo by *Margaret Bourke-White*

KNUT WALSTED, COMMUNIST PARTY CANDIDATE
FOR GOVERNOR OF SOUTH DAKOTA

This measure already endorsed by various farm organizations in the Middle West embodies the chief rallying points around which farmers will be struggling in the near future if they are not to submit tamely to the government proposals for their liquidation. Any number of bankers and insurance companies will hold up their hands in horror and object to such schemes. Well, they have been considered long enough and the farm situation is as far from being solved as ever. In fact, today, after two years of the New Deal the actual situation of masses of farmers is so much more precarious that only sharp rallying to their needs can save them from further collapse. They must look to themselves and this they know. They must trust only those measures that promise direct help to the masses of farmers, the very poorest, not just the richest and most able. Unless such a program is fought for, these farmers who may still imagine themselves on sound ground will find themselves sinking.

The A.A.A. program is for the few and those few will show no scruples in sacrificing

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their poor neighbors. In the course of struggling for relief and loans and immediate needs, farmers everywhere will have the opportunity further to discover the power of their solidarity and if there is to be a way out, their solidarity with the industrial workers in cities is that way out, for a control that will be for them, not for the insurance companies or the uppercrust farmers or the bankers, but for the man who owns now only two pigs and a few chickens as well as for the farmer who feels his good base slipping away forever.

The way out is, of course, the way of struggle. The base is there, the need is there, the demand for all that is necessary to rehabilitate the farmer and farming is there. The land, good and rich, is there waiting to be tilled for the benefit of the millions who need food. The strength and skill of the farmer are there. Equipment is in the warehouses. It is all there. The farmer has only to wake up to a realization of his strength. Whatever one may say about this farm bill, the test must come in its applicability to need. It will not solve farm problems, which can only be solved by a planned economy by and for farmers and workers. But it will relieve the present great distress. It will be a focus for mass struggle. The crying needs of farmers have been ignored and a cockeyed plan has been devastating the base of the farmer's operations. Millions are impoverished and the great debt of the farmers is nothing in comparison to the waste of life and hope and the crippled millions who through the inability of government programs to function for human needs are now victims not beneficiaries of a system of profit never designed for them.

Correspondence

Mr. Vanderlyn Objects

To The New Masses:

Because of the seriousness of the charges of anti-semitism brought against so militant and widespread an organization as the Farmers' Holiday Association, I hope The New Masses will show fair play enough to print my reply to these in full.

In the first place, Milo Reno has most emphatically not preached anti-semitism any place. In a letter to me regarding Mr. Spivak's article, Milo Reno says: "I happen to be a Frenchman, you are likely a Dutchman. I hold the French or the Dutch usurer in the same contempt as I do the Jewish usurer. The Farmers' Holiday Association, the Farmers' Union, or myself, make no distinction as between races or religion. We do attack the things that are destructive to human happiness, wherever found."

Mr. Spivak offers no proof of Mr. Reno's anti-semitic activities, but only hearsay, and how obviously he contradicts himself in citing this hearsay, is evident from his statement that "Mr. Reno's Congressional supporters, farmers in his organization, and liberals who support this farm leader, do not know that he has been one of the foremost disseminators of anti-semitic propaganda in the country. . . . " How it would be possible for Mr. Reno to be one of the foremost disseminators of anti-semitism and yet for the rank and file of farmers to whom almost all of his public utterances are addressed, to remain in ignorance of the fact, we leave to Mr. Spivak to explain.

The second charge that would provoke the entire Middle West to mirth, including even Mr. Reno's worst enemies, is that Reno was in any way influenced by his bitterest political enemy, Henry Wallace. Mr. Reno's campaign against Wallace personally, and the entire Agricultural Adjustment Act, has been one of the chief bases for his continued leadership of the farmers. Mr. Spivak's statement that "When Henry Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture, he had too much power and influence for Milo Reno to oppose too openly," can be proof only of Spivak's ignorance of the farm situation. Reno's radio addresses and his speeches at public meetings since the inception of the A.A.A. have been marked by militant hostility to the Fascist tendencies of this Act, and to Wallace and Tugwell. Milo Reno's reply on the matter of the charges brought by Rabbi Manheimer and Wallace is as follows: "I denounced the Federal Reserve Bank headed by a Jewish banker (who at that time was Eugene V. Meyer) as the most destructive damnable power in this country. I did not leave the impression in this address that it was destructive because it was headed by a Jewish banker, but because a private institution operated for profit, had been given the power to manipulate the currency and credit of the nation, which they had done to the detriment of the people, and we all realize today that this institution to which had been delegated the constitutional power vested in Congress, has caused more of destruction than the World War." It is altogether too likely that the attempt to give this an anti-semitic twist originated with certain powerful interests, and thus Mr. Spivak has unwittingly made common cause with those interests, as well as with those who are attempting to break the power of Reno's opposition to the Administration's farm program. It would seem to me that The New Masses would do better to give credit to Reno's activity against the Fascism of Wallace and Tugwell and their Agricultural Administration Act, far more dangerous than all the little fly-by-night hobgoblins in white and black and silver shirts.

The third charge is that Reno was working hand-in-glove with the anti-semitic organization known as the American Fascists (the Crusaders for Economic Liberty). The facts are as follows: An unofficial observer for the Holiday Association here in the east, a position later made official by resolution of the National Convention at Des Moines May 3, 1934, I was in contact with all organizations working for monetary reform. The Crusaders at their inception, were known as the American Reds, and had no program other than a monetary reform bill, H. R. 4747. It was at about the time when this organization came under the Nazi influence, that George W. Christians, who proved to be absolutely unscrupulous in his methods, was spreading it through his organization that Milo Reno was on his bandwagon. Through my connections with the Des Moines office, I knew this to be absolutely untrue, and I wrote Christians to this effect. His representative, Higgins, had been given an interview by Reno but this was the limit of any cooperation between our organizations, except for my own previous assistance to the Crusaders' campaign for monetary reform, which ceased from that time on.

On the night of Jan. 4 to 5, 1935, I had a long interview with Milo Reno in his hotel after his speech at Cooper Union. Among other items of business which I took up, was the advisability of sending an official letter to the Crusaders to end their misrepresentations of Reno's support. Milo Reno resented this misrepresentation, but in addition, he was much opposed to any organization advocating Fascism and religious intolerance. He authorized me to write the letter which appeared in Mr. Spivak's article, but he did so upon my explanation of the situation, and with my recommendation, and how much influence Mr. Wallace had upon his making this decision, will be evident from the fact that his speech of an hour previous had been devoted to a merciless flaying of the Wallace-Tugwell program.

Milo Reno's statement is as follows: "It is a well-known fact that the Farmers' Holiday Association and the Farmers' Union have been unalterably opposed to Hitlerism and his persecution of not only Jews, but any person or group who did not bow to his dictatorship. I have never had any connection with the Crusaders for Economic Liberty, nor has the Holiday Association or the Farmers' Union. We stand uncompromisingly for the Golden Rule instead of the Rule of Gold. We believe earnestly in the slogan of the old Farmers' Alliance: 'In things essential, unity; in all things, charity.'"

Perhaps as significant as any charge which Mr. Spivak made, is his statement that "Leaders of farmers, unless they want to advocate the overthrow of the capitalist system, must find reasons to account for the farmers' plight . . . leaders like Milo Reno of the Farmers' Holiday Association, for instance." The insinuation is that the Holiday Association is without a program to end the evils of the capitalist system. This too, is absolutely untrue. I hereby formally challenge Mr. Spivak, or any representative of The New Masses to an open debate, either in The New Masses, or from the platform of any public auditorium in this city, on the superiority of the Farmers' Holiday Association program to the Communist or Fascist approaches to our economic problems.

Leon Vanderlyn, Resident Secretary,
Northeastern Division,
Farmers' Holiday Association.

An Editorial Reply

Mr. Vanderlyn, appears to be surprised at the charges of anti-semitism and Fascism leveled by John L. Spivak at Mr. Milo Reno, the Holiday Association president. He raises three objections.

First, he says that Milo Reno, president of the National Farmers' Holiday Association "has most emphatically not preached anti-semitism any place." We can add to Spivak's interesting evidence the fact that another of our correspondents attended the recent National Convention of the Farmers' Union held at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in Nov., 1934, at which Milo Reno was a featured speaker. During his speech Mr. Reno said, "We ought to stop talking about the New Deal. We ought to call it the Jew Deal." To our ears this remark before two thousand people has a somewhat anti-semitic twang.

Secondly, Mr. Vanderlyn objects to the portion of Spivak's article which describes how Milo Reno shifted his policy from concealed to open hostility to the Roosevelt administration. Vanderlyn writes: "Reno's . . . speeches at public meetings since the inception of the A.A.A. have been marked by militant hostility to the fascist tendencies of this Act." Let us see. In July, 1933, in Sioux City, Iowa, at a large farmers' picnic, Mr. Reno stated as a part of his speech that since Abraham Lincoln this country has not had a President so great as Franklin

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D. Roosevelt. Is not this an endorsement of the administration? Now, just as Spivak stated, we find that Mr. Reno's tune has changed and he now publicly speaks of the Democratic administration as a "debauchery."

Thirdly, we are pleased to have Mr. Vanderlyn assure us, that in spite of considerable correspondence between representatives of the Holiday Association and the fascist Crusaders for Economic Liberty, that the National Holiday Association entirely disapproves of the Crusaders and the fascist program. This is welcome news and we urgently propose that both Mr. Vanderlyn and Mr. Reno publicly brand these fascist organizations as the corrupt strong-arm guard of the business interests.

Mr. Vanderlyn proposes a debate on "the superiority of the Farmers' Holiday Association program to Communist or Fascist approaches to our economic problems." We will not debate this matter with Mr. Vanderlyn for the reason that we know of no body of farmers in his "northeastern division" who look to him for leadership. We will, however, very gladly arrange such a debate, with Milo Reno.—THE EDITORS.

Quintanilla's Etchings

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The review of Luis Quintanilla's etchings which appeared in your issue of Dec. 4, contained some statements regarding Quintanilla's work and also revolutionary art in general, which raise several questions.

1. It is the duty of the revolutionary critic to interpret art from a Marxist-Leninist point of view and give guidance to the artist. It surely must be considered an unsatisfactory procedure to have an arbitrary, individualistic set of definitions by means of which the author of the review, Stephen Alexander, decides whether one is an *artist-revolutionary* or a revolutionary artist. This authoritative, undialectical method is often resorted to by enthusiastic sympathizers, who being outside the vanguard of the revolutionary working class, the Communist Party, fail to see the necessity of laborious, argumentative reasoning in winning over followers to the cause of militant working-class liberation.

I fail to see why we must define a revolutionary artist as one who "*makes* his art a class weapon." Such a notion introduces a split among the artists, separating the politically advanced from the rest, Is it not more intelligent to appeal to the artist on the basis of his trade and to say that the artist should portray reality as he sees and feels it as a member of the working class, and that consequently, with the revolutionization of himself and the working class, and with the strengthening of economic, political and psychological links between them, the creative work of the artist will *necessarily* be revolutionary? This seems to me a more healthy, organic and dialectical attitude and politically sounder, because it leads to organizational work among the artists, which Stephen Alexander should work for, and to a firmer basis for further elaboration of theoretical problems of revolutionary art, the attitude of workers toward art, etc. Revolutionary art should be judged by what it contains, not by what the artist wishes it to be.

2. The facts concerning Quintanilla are (a) that he is a most talented, skillful and powerful etcher; (b) that he depicts in a vast variety of compositions the joys, sorrows, moods and lives of the Spanish working class, not as an outsider but as a member of it, proud of his class and full of love for it, and ridicule and hate for its enemies; (c) and that his etchings do not depict the revolutionary struggle.

The reviewer "settles" it by introducing a quibble and calling Quintanilla an artist-revolutionary, thus admitting openly the petty bourgeois notion that a revolutionary who is an artist can have separate compartments for his revolutionary feelings and his artistic ones. It seems to me more accurate to account critically for the absence of the revolutionary struggle in Quintanilla's etchings rather than postulate untenable assumptions. Why has Quintanilla no trace of the struggle? The answer lies in the analysis of the Spanish situation.

Quintanilla has apparently been under the influence of the liberal, Republican and anarchist leanings of the Spanish Socialists. The Communist Party with its clear political and cultural philosophy has only just begun to exert its influence in Spain, and of course with remarkable success. Quintanilla's shortcoming should bring out clearly to us the need for and significance of a bold and clear-cut cultural, revolutionary program, as THE NEW MASSES and the John Reed Club are offering to the American intellectual and artist. The open struggles of the Spanish working class have only begun with the overthrow of the monarchy three and a half years ago. We must judge Quintanilla in his own times and environment and claim him as our own in every way. His work in prison, I dare prophesy, will prove that a real revolutionary situation will force the artist to produce real revolutionary art even if theoretical guidance lags behind.

MARK LAND.

Reply by Stephen Alexander

TO THE NEW MASSES:

If Mark Land were a practising artist and had a little first-hand knowledge of the problems of the artist and the conditions under which the artist works he would not be misled into spinning theories out of whole cloth, and using mechanical and meaningless cliches. I find it difficult to understand his rather foggy letter but as well as I can make out he objects to the following points in my review of Quintanilla's etchings:

1. My definition of a revolutionary artist as "one who makes his art a class weapon."

He seems to feel that such a definition will "introduce a split among the artists, separating the politically advanced from the rest." If Mark Land were a bit more observant he would see that there *are* and *have been* artists of different degrees of political development, and that my definition cannot "introduce" something that already exists. It might have been useful for him to explain *why* such a definition "introduces a split," instead of merely asserting that it would.

2. He accuses me of "admitting openly the pretty bourgeois notion that a revolutionary who is an artist can have separate compartments for his revolutionary feelings and his artistic ones." Such a statement is equivalent to accusing me of openly admitting that normal human beings have noses. I didn't "admit" any such "petty bourgeois notion." I *asserted* it as a true observation of what *actually exists.* If Mark Land will reread the review he will see that I strongly advocate the integration of the revolutionary's art with his politics. It goes without saying that his politics should be that of the Communist Party.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

"Poor Harvey. He can't sleep nights on account of thinking up wage-cuts."

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

THE NEW MASSES *welcomes the call for an American Writers' Congress sponsored by those writers whose names appear below. It fully endorses the purposes as set forth in the call. This Congress, we believe, can effectively counteract the new wave of race-hatred, the organized anti-Communist campaign, and the growth of Fascism, all of which can only be understood as part of the Administration's war program. Unlike the Anti-War Congress in Chicago, and the National Congress for Unemployment Insurance just concluded in Washington, the American Writers' Congress will not be a delegated body. Each writer will represent his own personal allegiance. With hundreds of writers attending from all sections, however, and united in a basic program, the Congress will be the voice of many thousands of intellectuals, and middle class people allied with the working class. In the coming weeks,* THE NEW MASSES *will publish from time to time articles by well known writers, outlining the basic discussions to be proposed at the Congress. Of those invited to sign the call a few—whose support of its program is unquestioned—were at too great a distance to be heard from in time for this publication.*—THE EDITORS.

Call for an American Writers' Congress

THE capitalist system crumbles so rapidly before our eyes that, whereas ten years ago scarcely more than a handful of writers were sufficiently far-sighted and courageous to take a stand for proletarian revolution, today hundreds of poets, novelists, dramatists, critics, short story writers and journalists recognize the necessity of personally helping to accelerate the destruction of capitalism and the establishment of a workers' government.

We are faced by two kinds of problems. First, the problems of effective political action. The dangers of war and fascism are everywhere apparent; we all can see the steady march of the nations towards war and the transformation of sporadic violence into organized fascist terror.

The question is: how can we function most successfully against these twin menaces?

In the second place, there are the problems peculiar to us as writers, the problems of presenting in our work the fresh understanding of the American scene that has come from our enrollment in the revolutionary cause. A new Renaissance is upon the world; for each writer there is the opportunity to proclaim both the new way of life and the revolutionary way to attain it. Indeed, in the historical perspective, it will be seen that only these two things matter. The revolutionary spirit is penetrating the ranks of the creative writers.

Many revolutionary writers live virtually in isolation, lacking opportunities to discuss vital problems with their fellows. Others are so absorbed in the revolutionary cause that they have few opportunities for thorough examination and analysis. Never have the writers of the nation come together for fundamental discussion.

We propose, therefore, that a Congress of American revolutionary writers be held in New York City on May 1, 1935; that to this Congress shall be invited all writers who have achieved some standing in their respective fields; who have clearly indicated their sympathy to the revolutionary cause; who do not need to be convinced of the decay of capitalism, of the inevitability of revolution. Subsequently, we will seek to influence and win to our side those writers not yet so convinced.

This Congress will be devoted to exposition of all phases of a writer's participation in the struggle against war, the preservation of civil liberties, and the destruction of fascist tendencies everywhere. It will develop the possibilities for wider distribution of revolutionary books and the improvement of the revolutionary press, as well as the relations between revolutionary writers and bourgeois publishers and editors. It will provide technical discussion of the literary applications of Marxist philosophy and of the relations between critic and creator. It will solidify our ranks.

We believe such a Congress should create the League of American Writers, affiliated with the International Union of Revolutionary Writers. In European countries, the I.U.R.W. is in the vanguard of literature and political action. In France, for example, led by such men as Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Andre Malraux, Andre Gide and Louis Aragon, it has been in the forefront of the magnificent fight of the united militant working class against Fascism.

The program for the League of American Writers would be evolved at the Congress, basing itself on the following: fight against imperialist war and fascism; defend the Soviet Union against capitalist aggression; for the development and strengthening of the revolutionary labor movement; against white chauvinism (against all forms of Negro discrimination or persecution) and against the persecution of minority groups and of the foreign-born; solidarity with colonial people in their struggles for freedom; against the influence of bourgeois ideas in American liberalism; against the imprisonment of revolutionary writers and artists, as well as other class-war prisoners throughout the world.

By its very nature our organization would not occupy the time and energy of its members in administrative tasks; instead, it will reveal, through collective discussion, the most effective ways in which writers, *as writers,* can function in the rapidly developing crisis.

The undersigned are among those who have thus far signed the call to the Congress.

Nelson Algren	Herbert Kline
Arnold B. Armstrong	Joshua Kunitz
Nathan Asch	John Howard Lawson
Maxwell Bodenheim	Tillie Lerner
Thomas Boyd	Meridel Le Sueur
Earl Browder	Melvin Levy
Bob Brown	Louis Lozowick
Fielding Burke	Grace Lumpkin
Kenneth Burke	Edward Newhouse
Erskine Caldwell	Joseph North
Alan Calmer	Moissaye Olgin
Robert Cantwell	Samuel Ornitz
Lester Cohen	Myra Page
Jack Conroy	Paul Peters
Malcolm Cowley	Allan Porter
Edward Dahlberg	Harold Preece
Theodore Dreiser	William Rollins
Guy Endore	Paul Romaine
James T. Farrell	Isidor Schneider
Ben Field	Edwin Seaver
Waldo Frank	Claire Sifton
Joseph Freeman	Paul Sifton
Michael Gold	George Sklar
Eugene Gordon	John L. Spivak
Horace Gregory	Lincoln Steffens
Henry Hart	Philip Stevenson
Clarence Hathaway	Bernhard J. Stern
Josephine Herbst	Genevieve Taggard
Granville Hicks	Alexander Trachtenberg
Langston Hughes	Nathaniel West
Orrick Johns	Ella Winter
Arthur Kallet	Richard Wright

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To Explain—or to Change?

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL, by Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

THIS little book raises two issues which seem to me to be of great importance for Communists. It raises the one by its qualities and its form, and the other by its defects and its content.

Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton's pamphlet is in many respects a model of political pamphleteering. One can read it through in little more than thirty minutes; it is so plainly, and yet so wittily, written that it is almost impossible to put it down before one has turned the last page; and yet one could not call it superficial. Although there is a wisecrack, and usually a first-rate one, on almost every page, the book as a whole does achieve a devastating criticism of the New Deal.

I do not see how anyone with any knowledge of economics, nay, with any knowledge of arithmetic, could read it without realizing that the New Deal is accomplishing precisely the opposite of what it promised to accomplish. Instead of reforming capitalism, it is reviving capitalism, and reviving it in its very worst form. Instead of redistributing wealth, it is concentrating wealth at one end of the social scale with quite startling rapidity. Instead of mobilizing plenty, it is organizing scarcity and it is doing so with a deliberation and a conscious intention in its destructive activities such as has never yet been achieved. Instead of limiting the gains of the great capitalists to "a fair profit," it is boosting them to astronomical heights. (Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton demonstrate the most extreme example of this process, the cigarette industry.)

All this Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton bring out admirably. Nor do they shirk making some attempt at an explanation of why capitalism, whether dealt anew or not, must produce these results. Here is the essence of their case against capitalism. "Since our rapidly expanding and improving technology constantly augments the rôle of plant and equipment at the expense of labor, a growing share of the national income is diverted to mere proprietorship. The reinvestment of the bulk of its profits in further plant and equipment tightens the stranglehold of Big Ownership on the national wealth.

"The toll which this self-compounding ownership levies on the national income for the mere exercise of its proprietorship cripples the consuming power of the rest of us. In boom times the working public seems to be buying back what it produces. But what the wage-earner actually does is to sign a batch of I.O.U.s for all the things, from radios to homes, which his real wages cannot hope to buy. "Prosperity" is but a strumpet who breaks down his sales resistance and hustles him into buying things which, under our system, he can't afford. In such "good times" the wage-earner mortgages his future through exorbitant commitments at usurious rates. Finally, when it becomes obvious even to the Big Boys that the wages of the nation are hopelessly behind production, they simply cut down on production. In other words, Big Business, in satisfaction of its claims and for the use of its properties, no longer accepts from the public the only thing it has to offer, which is its labor. The process of exchange between those who own and those who work is paralyzed, and domestic trade collapses. Depression is the necessary consequence of capitalist prosperity."

In this passage the fundamental Marxist critique of capitalism is simplified to such an extent that the argument is somewhat distorted. The thing is not quite as simple as that. But such oversimplifications are probably inevitable in political pamphleteering. So long as we have our scientific analysis in the background, which we can recommend to the skeptical reader, it is better that we should give the casual reader some hint such as this of what is the matter with the system, rather than give him nothing. In any case, we must make up our minds to the fact that such oversimplifications will be made by the hundred, and be grateful when the distortion is not greater than it is in this case.

In all these aspects it seems to me that the pamphlet has a great deal to teach us. Why are we not producing at least one such pamphlet a month, either from the Agit-Prop department of the Party itself or from competent "fellow-traveler" writers? Is it not high time we learned to put our case shortly, plainly, wittily?

The need for such pamphlets under Party auspices is urgent. For when everything has been said which can be said for Mr. Stolberg's pamphlet, let no one suppose that it fills the need. Admirable in its *method* of presentation, it by no means presents the Communist case.

At a first hasty reading it is true one might suppose that its authors were, at any rate, in sympathy with the Communist outlook. But as one reads on, one discovers that this is not the case. It gradually dawns on the reader that Mr. Stolberg and his collaborator are not calling for the abolition of the capitalist system, but merely for its effective control by some new "New Deal." Their criticism of the Roosevelt administration, it gradually emerges, is entirely different from the Communist criticism. Communists maintain that the administration is engaged in a determined attempt to re-establish the American profit-making system at any cost in human suffering, while pretending to be attempting to reform that system. Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton, on the other hand, believe that the administration is attempting to reform the system. Their complaint is merely that the administration is attempting reform in so confused, feeble and vacillating a manner as to fail in its objective. Moreover, they evidently believe that the system could be reformed if only the administration was more clear sighted and stronger; would stand up to the great monopoly capitalists, or to "Big Ownership," as they call it.

The first sentence which startled me into a suspicion that this was their real point of view occurs on page 5:

> No American president had ever received a clearer mandate to lead than did Mr. Roosevelt. He was elected to curb the irresponsible power of Big Ownership, to redress the unbalance between capital and labor, to lift the curse of unemployment, to fight for a more just distribution of the national income. And he so understood his mandate, for these were his promises. The New Deal could do no less and be a new deal.

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artist rests in the fact that it is impossible to write honestly of workers in Germany today, it is impossible to treat of the more vital sections of the middle-class, without scratching the surface of revolution. If Fallada wishes to write of vital human beings and at the same time avoid the implications of revolution, he is going to be lost in a morass of dishonesty. If he wishes to avoid the implications of revolution by writing exclusively of degenerates, his days as an artist are numbered.

JOHN NORMAN.

Pretty Pictures

THE WORLD WAR IN PHOTOGRAPHS. Arranged and Edited by Otto Kurth. Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wis. 10c.

Hundreds of thousands of children of the working-class who can turn only to the five and tent cent stores for their meagre purchases of toys and books can now receive a large dose of war poison in exchange for one of their infrequent dimes. For scattered on the counters among the cheaply printed books dealing with the innocent adventures of Moon Mullins, Popeye, Mickey Mouse and other comic strip heroes of the bourgeois press is a volume containing 190 pages of photographs of the world war, each picture a cloud of tear gas calculated to blind the young reader to the true nature of imperialist war. Glossing over all of the horrors of the battlefield and death by the terrifying means perfected by capitalist nations, children from the age of five or six are given a picture of a war of honor, glory and good clean fun.

Here is a war that no child would fear or hate. These are not the murderous years of 1914 to 1918 that left in their wake more than ten million dead and twenty millions more broken in body and spirit, but a gay holiday made seductive by a long procession of parading troops, intriguing uniforms, flags, excitement and drama. According to Mr. Kurth's careful selection of photographs, in war there is only kindness for women and children, defeat for the enemy and the spirit of a fascinating game ending in inevitable victory with frequent decorations for heroism between times.

Of 190 halftones, surprisingly clear and well printed for a volume selling at such a low price, there are only two pictures that reluctantly hint that death may have actually occurred to anyone. The discreetness of the editor in this is only surpassed by his total silence on the causes for war. Others have shown that war is a necessary evil that we must prepare to face, but here another step is taken by making war attractive to the very ones who will have to bear its burden and making sure that it falls into those hands.

The price and the manner in which it is merchandized take care of that.

RUSSELL T. LIMBACH.

Short Stories in America

STORY IN AMERICA, 1933-34. *Vanguard.* $2.50.
BEST SHORT STORIES, O'Brien. Houghton-Mifflin. $2.50.
BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, O'Brien. Houghton-Mifflin. $2.50.
EDITOR'S CHOICE, Dashiell. Putman $2.50.

THERE are one hundred and five short stories collected in these four short story anthologies. They are chosen to represent the cream of the American short stories of the last year. Each of the editor's collections is prefaced with a little introduction, pertaining to "the state of the short story in America." The "state of the short story in America" has been a persistent concern of Mr. O'Brien for a number of years. From year to year Mr. O'Brien discovers new enthusiasms. This year's enthusiasm is, strangely enough, not a short story writer, but a poet, Paul Engle, who, writes Mr. O'Brien, is the "first American since Lincoln who can answer two questions: What is America? Where is America going?" Mr. O'Brien's idea seems to be that America is going into another edition.

However, the stories themselves manage to overcome the handicaps given them by the editors. No one reading these short stories would deny that the state of the short story in America is anything else than flourishing. These 105 stories only represent a fraction of the immense output by short story writers every year. Most novelists, major or minor, in America today have written short stories for the magazines. They represent an immediate source of income, entail much less effort and time than the novel, and command a good market price in the quality sheets.

The stories themselves, particularly those in the "Story" anthology, can roughly be divided into four categories. They can be called "the family" story, the "playboy-hard drinking sophisticate" story, the "lyrical primitive" (life among the simple backwoodsmen, Negroes, peasants) and "the tough guy" story (gangsters, workers, street kids).

Within these four categories, the range of thematic detail is wide. They include most of the major aspects of contemporary American life. The observation is keen and realistic, the writing is competent and clean. There is little fine writing. There is much use of homely, local, and urban idiom. There is a great deal of understatement and underwriting. And much "mimicry." By "mimicry," I mean the effort to achieve a character by assuming the language, and the supposed limitations of thought and emotion of the character.

The proletarian stories, and there are several, mostly fall into the category of the "tough guy" story. Of these, Nelson Algren's "So Help Me," and LeTissier's "Actual Riot Scenes," both in the "Story in America" collection are the best.

I feel, however, that in spite of the great deal of competence, in spite of "the honesty, sincerity and feeling," the editors of Story note, there is not one story of real importance, of genuine significance in all the anthologies. Each one suffers from the limitations of precisely that kind of observation the authors are cultivating. The stories are "yarns," they do not contain important implications beyond the telling of the story. We come away with a set of feelings which say, "this author was saddened by this experience," "this one was fascinated by this," this is a "good piece of insight" and similar reservations. With the exception of Hemingway's "The Gambler, Nun and Radio," the stories do not answer important questions. And Hemingway's answer is not the answer millions of people are seeking. When Mr. Frazer, in his story, decides bread is an "opium of the people," only the relief stations would heartily agree.

ALFRED HAYES.

Book Notes

THIS month, The Viking Press celebrates its tenth anniversary. It has one of the finest lists offered by a commercial publisher and it has preserved a quite consistently high literary standard. The works of D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Lion Feuchtwanger, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Franz Werfel, and other notable European writers, bear the Viking imprint. It is worth noticing that two of its most important American writers are the left novelists, Erskine Caldwell and Albert Halper. Equally important, that the staff of Viking Press has a strong Office Workers Union membership.

Conspicuous in recent social events in the publishing world was a literary tea and party given to celebrate the entrance of the full staff of the Modern Library and Story Magazine into the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union. On Friday evening, January 18, at the studio of Fannie Engel, 11 East 12th Street, New York, their example will be followed by a literary tea and party to be given by the staff of Covici-Friede, to celebrate their affiliation with the Union. John Strachey will be present and other noted authors from this list, which includes Jack Conroy, Joshua Kunitz, John L. Spivak, Michael Gold, Lewis Corey, J. B. Matthews, etc. The Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union invites all its friends, especially those in literary trades, to attend.

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Brief Review

KERKHOVEN'S THIRD EXISTENCE, by Jacob Wassermann. Liveright, Inc. $3.

In another long volume, Wassermann concludes his career and all that we shall ever know about Dr. Kerkhoven, the pathological pathfinder. In the guise of Kerkhoven and, to some extent, Herzog, a weak willed novelist, Wassermann plunges along strange paths, sometimes not seeing the woods for the trees, often not seeing the trees for the woods. The result being that Wassermann becomes lost in the underbrush and we are treated to an agonized opus not unlike his mystical autobiography. There is a tremendous let-down in this sequel to *Dr. Kerkhoven* and *The Maurizius Case,* which, perhaps, was foreshadowed by the unbelievable dénouement of the previous volume. Here we find a neurotic patient with "second sight," who tells the past of people whom she has never seen or heard of. Here we find a phantastic journalist who, by the power of his indices, becomes the watchdog of the Continent. Here we find an antique metaphysician enshrined as an oracle. Here we find stale metaphysics, so abstruse that it denies formulation, at one moment smelling of the Holy Ghost, at another approaching the Bergsonian ideal of the élan vital. This is a pitiful finish indeed!

THE LAST DAYS OF TSAR NICHOLAS, by P. M. Bykov. With an historical preface by Andrew Rothstein. International Publishers. $1.

Bourgeois sentiment has turned the execution of the Tsar and his family into a martyrdom and has attempted to turn it as well into a tragic mystery. Mr. Rothstein's historical preface, an excellent piece of work both as history and polemics, disposes of the legend of the Tsar as a hapless innocent and makes clear that rarely in all history was there a more justified execution of crowned criminals. The account of the Tsar's last days by Bykov, who was chairman of the Soviet of Ekaterinburg, where the execution took place, is a clean and vigorous narrative. It makes impressively clear how, as long as the Romanoffs were alive, they acted as a focus for infection, and as a rallying point for the enemies of the Soviets. Again and again the guard officers proved unreliable; again and again, plots to free the Tsar and use him as the rallying point for counter-revolution, made his existence a danger to the Soviet Republic. Finally, the investment of Ekaterinburg by White Russian armies made the execution necessary. Thus the execution was a political necessity as well as the carrying out of a just sentence upon criminals. While, in its main outlines this has been known, it is important to have the events given in detail, for it is out of the absent details that the confusing and harmful legends have been created.

SWIFT: Gulliver's Travels and Selected Writings in Prose and Verse. Edited by John Hayward. Random House. $3.50.

The Nonesuch Press one-volume editions of the works of great writers, which Random House makes available in America, are among the most beautiful books of their sort. Though one may dissent in detail from Hayward's selections, one must admit that on the whole the editing is judicious; and the inclusion for the first time, in a modern edition, of the complete text of Gulliver, is in itself sufficient to make this edition desirable.

ON OUR WAY **A Painting by *Edward Laning***

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Art

Murals by Burck and by Laning

THE gallery of the Art Students' League (215 West 57th Street) is housing the most impressive and important exhibition[1] of the present art calendar in New York City, in showing two groups of murals by Jacob Burck and Edward Laning.

The Laning murals consist of a group of three panels, done for the Hudson Guild, and three separate panels on different subjects. The Burck murals consist of a group of five panels executed for Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, on the theme of the Five Year Plan. Obviously it would be quite unfair to compare the two groups inasmuch as the Burck group is unified by a single theme (one of the most inspiring an artist could wish . . . that of socialist construction), whereas the Laning group is divided into various separate entities, the largest of which, (the Hudson Guild group) is limited by the imposition of a subject of lesser possibilities. Considered from the point of view of their fitness for the place for which they were designed the Hudson Guild group is very successful, but these paintings still bear some of the weaknesses of the Kenneth Hayes Miller school, such as the Miller "veil"; a saccharine quality of color; and an air of "posed studio-figures." In his fresco panel "Relief" Laning has taken a step forward and away from these traits, and by choosing a theme of social importance has given the work greater vitality and significance. If the forms are still somewhat cloyingly soft, they are much clearer; and the composition is skillfully handled. There is real bite in the satire which makes itself felt in the delineation of character and details, and in his juxtaposition of the two groups in the picture. His tempera panel "On Our Way" is perhaps the best thing he has yet done. It is represented by the black-and-white study for the finished painting, which is hanging in the Whitney Museum Biennial Exhibition. Here Laning has symbolized the oppression of the people by Big Business and its agents, with considerable success. He has drawn on Goya's "Los Caprichos" for technical inspiration, and to his benefit. His painting should gain from this tendency and in general from a sharpening of his forms and intensifying of color.

The Burck murals are a splendid achievement, all the more impressive when one realizes the serious difficulties under which they were executed. In a room scarcely wider than one of the panels and in which he could not back away far enough to view the work properly, he had to paint under terrific pressure of other work, and mainly at night, using electric light. The large center panel had to be painted in sequence by rolling it, as there was not sufficient room to contain it unrolled. The series of five panels depict the following aspects of socialist construction in the U.S.S.R.:

1. Industrial Planning
2. Education
3. Completion of the Turksib Railway
4. Health in the U.S.S.R.
5. Collectivization of Agriculture

The paintings will be taken to Moscow where they will be installed in the offices of Intourist, or some other suitable building.

This group, together with his mural on the Chinese Soviets, stamps Burck as one of the foremost mural painters in this country. The clarity of conception, the masterful handling of so heroic and inspiring a theme, his architectonic compositions, and his successful fusing of form and content make this an achievement of which revolutionary culture may well be proud.

In the matter of color Jacob Burck has, I feel, been less successful (with the exception of the first panel, which seems to me very fine in this respect) than in the other qualities mentioned above. This may perhaps be due to the handicap of night work and bad lighting under which he had to work. Also, there are some parts that are not finished to the degree that he has intended and which will be completed when the murals have been installed in place. A more careful orchestration and a subtler use of color would add to the fine qualities of this superb achievement.

These murals raise a very important issue for the artist . . . the question of the necessity for the artist to experience his material at *first hand* . . . to observe the actual materials of his picture. Burck has never been to China or the U.S.S.R., yet he has succeeded in creating paintings dealing with each of these countries in a manner that is essentially true to the respective peoples and environments. People who have lived in China and know the Chinese people well have remarked on the accuracy of Burck's characterization in the Chinese murals, and from my own stay in the U.S.S.R. I can testify to his successful evocation of the Soviet scene. Here is the terrific tempo of construction . . . a whole people concentrated in building a new and better world; cooperative planning and cooperative labor being realized; here is the exultant, indomitable spirit of the *new man* and *new woman,* the socialist worker, a new type of human being, whose heroic achievements are writing the epic of history. I was amazed to see these people with whom I had worked come to life . . . and I do not mean by this merely an accurate representation of types of faces, costumes, etc. . . . but far more important, the spirit that the whole conveys. It is in this respect that accuracy is of vital importance. And Burck has achieved it remarkably.

The artist who correctly understands his own environment has access to common factors which make it possible for him correctly to understand other environments. The highly developed revolutionary is a keen student not only of the country in which he is living but of the whole world, which becomes his environment because he studies it with a purpose. It is not merely a matter of intellectual curiosity. The true revolutionary *needs* to know. A sustained and intensive revolutionary training has equipped Burck with a true understanding of the socio-political forces, and a keen knowledge of characterization. In order to create a work of living vitality and essential truth the artist must know the subject matter with which he is dealing. He must understand it in all its social and psychological implications. There is no denying the desirability and necessity of direct experience, but with a certain amount of first-hand knowledge the artist acquires the ability to use secondary sources of information provided he understands their true relationship to his own first-hand knowledge, and what is most important, *assimilates this "secondary" information emotionally.* This latter factor is decisive in determining the success with which such material is "felt." No one seeing these murals by Burck can doubt the genuineness of his understanding of the subject, and his tremendous enthusiasm for the struggle of building this new world arising in the Soviet Union. It radiates from every square inch of these magnificent paintings.

[1] Jan. 8 to Jan. 26. Open 9:00 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. (except Sat., to 5:00 o'clock).

Drawings and Prints

On the fifth floor of the New School For Social Research (66 West 12th Street) an exhibition of drawings and prints by members of the John Reed Club is being shown until January 25th.

Although the exhibit is disappointingly small and not adequately representative of what the John Reed Club could muster for a black-and-white show, it contains many worthwhile items. One of the most interesting is a mimeograph drawing by Mitchell Fields. The mimeograph is one of the most widely used of reproducing machines in the revolutionary movement, and greater attention on the part of more artists to the special problem of drawing on the stencil with the stylus would result in better drawings for our mimeographed pamphlets. Fields' drawing is an excellent example of what can be done within the limitations of this machine.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

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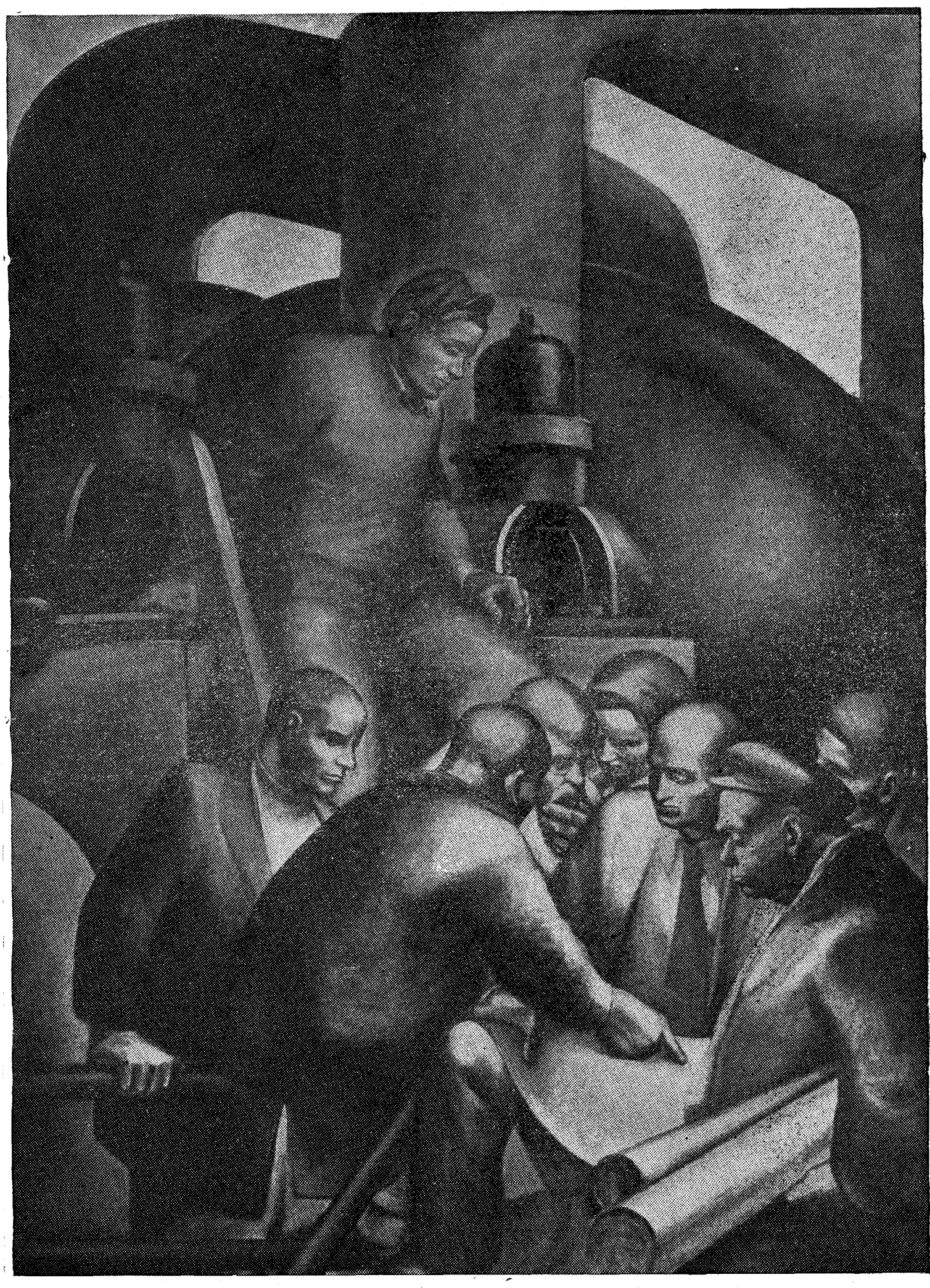

INDUSTRIAL PLANNING

Jacob Burck

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The Theatre

THE January number of New Theatre magazine is devoted to the theatre arts of the Soviet Union. In an introductory editorial, Harold Edgar sounds the keynote of the entire issue. In it he says, "In order for the Theatre wholly to flourish there must be study and work in the medium itself—technical training—and it must form part of a healthy social organism which today can mean only one thing—the overthrow of capitalism and the building of Socialism."

There is a confident exuberant healthiness in all the articles printed. There is a sure-footed and creative spirit in the plans which are projected. There is a high consciousness of what the Socialism of the U. S. S. R. has given to make its theatre the foremost in the world, and a fruitful determination to experiment with and improve the traditional uses of the theatre. Despite the frequent vagueness in one or two of the articles, there is considerable that is enlightening and inspiriting. In short, the January issue of New Theatre, is an important addition to anyone's library of that art.

What's in it? Anatoli Glebov, author of *Inga,* recounts the difficulties of creating a workers' theatre under Czarism, with its police raids and arrests. There is something familiar about his piece when you recall the vigilante raids last Summer on the San Francisco Workers' Theatre.

Heinrich Diament, president of the International Union of Revolutionary Theatres describes the Soviet theatre today with enough statistics to make the mouth of Burns Mantle water. In one year, 1932, and in one part of the Soviet Union, 16,012 plays were produced. And the writer says "Soviet playwrights have not been able to cope with the great demands made on them." "Plays and more plays," is the cry of the 5,200 professional and amateur theatres. Attention starving playwrights! Of actors, 20,500 were permanently employed. Attention starving actors and C.W.A. companies!

Sergei Eisenstein has an article on "The New Soviet Cinema." This piece is an unusually difficult one to understand thoroughly inasmuch as most of Eisenstein's writing is so diffuse and at the same time so dependent on earlier writings that unless one had a substantial background of Soviet cinema he would miss much. One thing, however, Eisenstein does show clearly and that is how in the history of the Soviet cinema *Chapayev* is the magnificent synthesis of epic picture and the personalized picture, the mass theme (*Potemkin*) and the individual theme (*Deserter*). And for anyone who has seen it, it is all that and more.

The most important article in the issue is by an American student of the Soviet theatre, H. W. L. Dana. It is a brilliant description of the projected Meyerhold Theatre in Moscow. The immensity of the plans makes you giddy. The daring conceptions of theatric production, the invitation to mass and audience to participate in the production, the arbitrary and startling plans for revolving stages and lights, and elevator stages, and a hundred and one details are thrilling to think about. Though one may differ with Meyerhold's theatric conceptions, his work is and will be one of the most exciting things in the world of theatre.

There are other important articles: Tretiakov's description of a November 7th broadcast, Piscator's experiences in translating his genius from the theatre to the moving pictures, Marie Seton's penetrating analysis of the psychology of the younger theatre and cinema workers, Chen-I-Wan's lengthy and detailed observations on the Soviet dance, Leon Moussinac's stimulating piece on "The State Jewish Theatre."

There are other articles, pages of photographs, critical notes and comments which lack of space forbids mentioning. However, Ben Blake in an article called "From Agit-prop to Realism," indicates an important growth of our workers' theatres in America and must be read.

New Theatre has done its readers a service with this Soviet issue. And although I hoped for more detail in the articles, nevertheless I congratulate its editors on a difficult job well done.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

The Dance

FOR the past five years Tamiris has been experimenting with revolutionary art forms in the dance. This road has not been an easy one, for like every artist worthy of the name Tamiris has sought out the essential nature of her problem, and during this period of transition there has been no ready-made formula for her to follow.

In Tamiris's case the experiment with revolutionary art forms has led to the expression of revolutionary content and in her last recital at the Civic Repertory Theatre (Sunday, Jan. 13) we can mark her progress in this direction. Some two years ago with the aid of her group she introduced a cycle of dances which had their origin in themes suggested by the poetry of Walt Whitman. In the present performance these themes have undergone a process of reaffirmation and renewed emphasis. The last movement of the group in "Song of the Open Road" is now particularly effective: the gesture of adolescent yearning before the final blackout is beautifully articulated.

Following this cycle came a new set of dances, "The Cycle of Unrest," and here I found Tamiris's own contribution, "Protest," the most memorable item in this feature of the program. This interpretation of revolution had gathered momentum over the earlier versions; here the purpose has become clarified, and here the image of vitality that Tamiris always inspires reaches a brilliant climax.

I found the group dances in this cycle less impressive than in the Whitman themes; perhaps because I felt that "The Individual and the Mass" and "Conflict" leaned too heavily upon "literary" associations. The symbolism was obvious enough, and all the essentials of group movement were implied, yet the translation from a "literary" symbol into the medium of the dance was not completed. In other words, certain "group" elements in Tamiris's program are still in progress; they are, I think, in about the same stage of development that marked her first presentation of the Whitman themes. The point I wish to make is this: that even where Tamiris is least successful there is nothing organically wrong with her conception; these examples must be taken as so much work in progress, as a means to an end, rather than a definite limitation.

I think Tamiris has proved again that she is one dancer in America today who is actually at work upon the potential elements in modern dance forms. Her solutions, I think, will be found in revolutionary content as well as revolutionary form, for she has discovered the basic relationship between them. She will not be content with anything less than the demands imposed upon her by an extraordinarily personal talent. Any one who has witnessed her work with a group must be well aware of this fact and of her refusal to accept a facile solution of group problems. She has never failed to convince her audience that her work is one of the living forces in the development of the dance in America. Tamiris has been one of the few American dancers who has been able to supply that vitality necessary to the final expression of her chosen medium.

HORACE GREGORY.

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Chapayev Is Here

ROBERT FORSYTHE

LET there be fireworks and dancing in the streets! Enough of restraint, enough of fine cinematic hair splittings, enough of everything but elation. *Chapayev* is in town! Not since the great days of the Soviet silent films has there been anything like it.

The picture was made by the Brothers Vasilyev from factual material supplied by Furmanov, commissar of Chapayev's Red Division. It is the simple story of a peasant who becomes a great military leader under the stress of the Civil War. It was made by Lenfilm at Leningrad and has created a tremendous furore in the Soviet Union. It had its American premiere by Amkino last week at the Cameo Theatre in New York.

So much for the material facts. Artistically, it returns the Soviet Union to its position at the head of the movie world. If I speak in superlatives it is because I have waited twelve hours for the effects of *Chapayev* to wear off, and I am still physically stirred by it. There are no tricks, no striving for effect, no high points of fake drama. It is so funny in spots and is played throughout in so humorously natural a manner that an audience which has only the English titles finds itself roaring. This is life as it really is—a compound of fun, tragedy, and courage. Boris Bobochkin as Chapayev is miraculously cast and turns in a performance that belongs among the best ever seen on any screen

As the picture opens, Chapayev is bouncing over the countryside in a droschka, picking up his men anew and gathering his wandering forces about him. He is a roistering, warm-hearted fellow who sings with his men and rules them with an iron hand. He can barely read and write, but he is a born leader and tactician. Moscow sends Furmanov to be commissar with the division and Chapayev is not pleased with that. Furmanov halts the looting by Chapayev's men and throws Zhikharev, second in command, in jail. There is a showdown which is halted by the appearance of the peasants coming to thank Chapayev for the return of their animals. The Reds are, after all, not like the Whites, who rob and kill. The rich humor of the scene only points the more important fact that the Bolsheviks were able to defeat their enemies because they won the confidence of the countryside by these very means. Chapayev can do nothing but accept the thanks of the peasants, but he sees the point. He calls a meeting of his men to admonish them on how they shall act in the future. The old peasant (Boris Chirkov) who has headed the thanks-delegation is there again. He is after information this time.

"Are you a Bolshevik or a Communist?" he asks Chapayev and Chapayev is stumped. He looks around for Furmanov's help, but Furmanov lets him fight it out alone. The answer he finally gives will roll you in the aisle. I won't spoil it for you.

The scenes with Pyetka (Leonid Kmit, and a great job he does) are equally hilarious and human. Pyetka is his orderly and also his pal. He thinks Chapayev is the greatest general in the world. Chapayev admits it. Later he proves it. The White Army prepares to attack. Chapayev outlines his defense and stations his men. As the battle starts, he is informed that his cavalry leader has been shot and there is mutiny among the men. He goes to curb the mutiny and lead the charge. The battle scenes are the most thrilling I have ever seen. The sight of the White Army marching in steady, deliberate file across the plain, moving with the inevitable force of a wall of water and accompanied only by the deadly reiteration of the beat of a drum, is so menacing and nerve-racking that the spectator not only clings to his seat in terror, but understands the effect the spectacle must be having on Chapayev's untutored men. They break and flee, but are brought back by Furmanov. Anna, the only girl with the division and the chief machine gunner, holds the enemy in check until Chapayev can arrive with the cavalry.

It is in the story of Anna that you begin to understand how great the film is. Hollywood would have made her a combination of Joan of Arc and Carrie Nation. The Russians are really a stupid people. There she is, a pretty girl among a company of soldiers, an ideal place for the love of two men to clash over her. Joan Crawford dressed in a military creation by Adrian, could have made something of the role. The Soviet directors throw it all away. Anna (who is really Maria Popova and is now famous in Russia) does her job as a soldier, in love with Pyetka as he is in love with her, but never once steps out of character to make a screen holiday for those who can never believe that "human nature" is anything but a matter of a kiss being more important than a continent.

Furmanov is recalled to Moscow and another commissar is sent to replace him and Chapayev is resting on his laurels when disaster overtakes him. His sentries fall asleep during the night and are overpowered. The Whites pour through to headquarters. Anna rides for help while Chapayev and Pyetka man the machine guns and stand off the enemy forces. A field gun finally brings their retreat in ruins about them and Pyetka manages to get Chapayev away, grievously wounded. Pyetka stays on the river bank to halt the Whites while Chapayev starts to swim the river to safety. Pyetka's ammunition gives out and he is killed from the high bank. Chapayev sinks to his death from machine-gun bullets with the farther bank almost within reach. The Red cavalry arrives almost at the same moment and drives out the Whites.

It is the secret of the greatness of the film that we never conceive of the death of Chapayev as defeat. A brave man is dead, but from what has gone before, from the very fineness of his men, there is never any doubt that victory belongs to his cause. There is not a word of "propaganda," not a gesture or accent which seeks to divert the spectator from the plain intent of the action. Chapayev is dead, but Chapayev lives as a symbol. The Soviet world has its Chapayev, its Dimitrov; Nazi Germany has its poor pitiful Horst Wessel. Who can doubt, who can ever doubt about the future! What can all the Hearsts, all the Soviet haters, all the oppressors of the earth do against one Chapayev!

Never have I been so envious of those who understand Russian. The lines were brilliant even in English translation (and I want to say a word of praise for those English titles) but the people around me at the Cameo were chuckling continuously at phrases which the translator obviously couldn't include for lack of space. There are dozens of episodes I could mention—the scene with the veterinarians; the scene where Pyetka is trying to mix machine gun instruction with love; the scene where Chapayev reproaches his assistant for allowing a bullet to hit him; the beautiful scenes in the farmhouse where Chapayev and the soldiers sing and talk of life and death;

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the scene in White headquarters with Colonel Borozdin (I. N. Pevtzov, another masterly characterization) playing Beethoven sonatas at the piano while his body servant pleads mutely for the life of his deserter-brother. It is all there and it is marvelous.

If I have the faintest criticism (and I have racked my head to think of something which might allow me to retain my standing as a critic of severity), it would be that the character of Furmanov (Boris Blinov) is slightly overdone. He seemed a trifle too pleased with the success of his education of Chapayev, but I am quite prepared to hear that nobody but myself has been aware of it. I am not well enough acquainted with Russian music to know if the songs are folk songs or were written for the picture by G. Popov, but in any case they are hauntingly beautiful and placed with such rightness that they seem an inevitable part of the story.

I can't close without another word about Bobochkin who plays Chapayev. If you can recall Wallace Beery playing Villa, you will get some notion of the horrible quality which would have been brought to such a part by an American producer. Bobochkin is gruff and hearty without being grotesque. He jumps on people in the severest manner and they are not at all afraid of him. He sings, he jokes, he dominates his men and leads them, but he is always exactly himself, without a false note—a shrewd, uneducated peasant who happens at the same time to be a great man. They will be talking about this characterization when all the American character men have gone to join Alice in Wonderland; because Bobochkin is playing not a character out of a book, but a man out of life, with the variations all of us realize we only rarely see depicted.

I don't urge you to run and see *Chapayev;* I say only that you are a fool if you miss it.

Other New Films

Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount): Ever since Fox produced *Cavalcade* with a great deal of profit, Hollywood has been trying to make a better British film than the British. In the effort to recapture the dwindling English market for Hollywood productions, glorifying British imperialism is regarded as the best method. It also serves to remind Congress of the necessity for spending more on the army and navy. This current production, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* dealing with the glories of British rule in India, is a tribute to the British colonial army. It boasts with pride that a handful of men (like those in the film) control 300,000,000. Paramount has also seen fit to manufacture a seductive Russian spy who seduces one of the younger officers into betraying his country. There is an abundance of self-conscious patriotic-he-man dialogue and some regular cinema battles. And it all ends with "God Save the King."

Don Quixote (Independent): Vulgarized Cervantes, directed by G. W. Pabst without imagination or purpose except to advertise Chaliapin. There is no form or structure. The wonderful cinematic opportunities suggested by the Cervantes novel have been discarded for a series of close-ups of Chaliapin.

P. E.

Between Ourselves

DRAMATIC rights to Ernst Toller's mass recitation, *A Man and a Woman,* which we published last week, are reserved by the author. Application for these rights should be made to THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau.

Two reviews of important revolutionary plays, scheduled for this issue but omitted due to lack of space, will appear next week: the new Artef production of Gorky's *Dostigayev and Others,* and Clifford Odet's *Waiting for Lefty,* performed by members of the Group Theatre.

Organizations interested in distributing back copies of THE NEW MASSES (30 days or more old) may obtain bundles free at the office, 31 East 27th Street, Room 42.

In future issues:

A. B. Magil's concluding article on the situation in the automobile industry, the workers' struggles against the employers and the employers' N.R.A. agents.

An article by Lester Cohen, novelist, who has recently been to the Soviet Union. Cohen visited a penal colony, not far from Moscow, and the article he has written should be a revelation to many American readers, accustomed to the recurrent hullabaloo here about "crime waves, crime prevention," and the like.

John Strachey, who is leaving shortly on an extended lecture tour, will send us "Notes from the Road," discussing questions that are asked him by his audiences, many of which require a more extended treatment than can be given from the platform.

New Masses Lectures

Friday evening, Jan. 18, John L. Spivak will speak on 'Will America Have Fascism?" at the Hinsdale Workers Club, 572 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

". . . and you were momentarily insane when you emptied your gun into the picket line?"

Friday evening, Jan. 18, Sender Garlin; illustrated lecture on "The Power of the Press" at the Labor Temple, 14th Street and 2nd Avenue, New York City. Auspices: Followers of Nature.

Sunday evening, Jan. 20, Ben Goldstein; "The Press Handles the Southern Crisis"; 1401 Jerome Avenue (at 170th Street), Bronx, N. Y. Auspices: Uptown Press League.

Friday evening, Jan. 25, John L. Spivak; "America Faces Pogroms"; Brighton Beach Workers Center, 3200 Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: Bill Haywood Branch of the International Labor Defense.

Saturday evening, Jan. 26, John L. Spivak; "Fascism in the United States"; 316 West 57th Street. Auspices: Rank and File Teachers.

Sunday evening, Jan. 27, William Browder; "The Middle Class Must Choose"; Fraternal Hall, 1405 Glenarm, Denver, Colorado. Auspices: Live Arts Guild.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, John L. Spivak; "Pogroms in America"; Savoy Mansion, 6322 20th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: American League Against War and Fascism, Mapleton Branch.

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